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Commonweal

The Disintegrating Alliance

RONALD STEEL

A Domestic Peace Corps?

THOMAS R. BROOKS

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN | **The Coming of Küng**

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THIS WEEK

EDITORIALS

123 Pacem in Terris
124 Boost for NATO
125 Crisis Thinking
125 Gain for Christian Democrats

ARTICLES, FEATURES

126 The Pitfalls of Publicity
by William V. Shannon
127 The Disintegrating Alliance
by Ronald Steel
130 Muhammad Speaks
by James O'Gara
131 A Domestic Peace Corps?
by Thomas R. Brooks
133 The Coming of Küng
by Robert McAfee Brown
145 Orchids for Miss Hightower
by Wilfrid Sheed

VERSE

139 The Hunchback
by Leonard Wolf

DEPARTMENTS

135 An Exchange of Views
140 The Screen
by Philip T. Hartung
141 The Stage
by Richard Gilman
143 Of Note: Catholic Parenthood
146 Books

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Pacem in Terris

IF THE PAST is any guide in these matters, the Catholic response to Pope John's magnificent encyclical *Pacem in Terris* will be slow and tentative. This is not to say that there will not be initial praise and publicity; that much at least is traditional. Already that praise has been heard. But the difference between initial praise and a full-blown change in Catholic thought at all levels is another matter; too frequently it has taken years or decades for the full force of an encyclical to be felt. In part, the reason for such lags bear on the slowness of Catholics to change their customary ways of thinking on fundamental issues; then, too, the very language of encyclicals and their deference to the past often obscures those elements with a radical import.

We fervently hope this will not be the fate of *Pacem in Terris*. The problems it raises, the issues it touches, bear immediately on our present human situation—one of crisis and danger for the whole human race. The world today, and those Catholics living in it, cannot afford to wait ten or twenty or fifty years to take the encyclical seriously. It challenges everyone now.

What are those challenges? One way to answer this question is by observing how little aid and comfort the encyclical gives to some widely held views on the modern world and especially on the nature of the Cold War. It provides no support for those who would argue that a holy war against Communism is called for; for those who believe that any aid given one nation by another should be determined solely by political and military considerations; for those who believe that a nuclear balance of terror is the best way to preserve peace; for those who would cheerfully resort to nuclear war in the name of "justice"; for those who would misuse the traditional doctrine of subsidiarity to keep the government out of the areas of social and economic welfare.

In the past, what one theologian has called the "studied ambiguity" of papal encyclicals has often served to allow any number of incompatible interpretations. There is certainly some of this ambiguity in *Pacem in Terris;* but its thrust is very clear—and, in many ways, revolutionary. It draws on the best of traditional Catholic thought while at the same time displaying an acute sensitivity to the empirical realities of contemporary life.

THUS THE encyclical challenges Catholics—and all "men of good will"—to take seriously the rights of the human person; that is the foundation for its message. In spelling out these rights, the Pope lays an emphasis on the right of security "in cases of sickness, inability to work, widowhood, old age, unemployment. . . ." Again, he stresses man's "right to freedom in searching for truth and in expressing and communicating his opinions . . . the right to honor God according to the dictates of an upright conscience. . . ." Nor is the Pope content simply to list human rights: at times he expressly points out the necessity of implementing and extending these rights. "It is not enough, for example, to acknowledge and respect every man's right to the means of subsistence: One must also strive to obtain that he actually has enough in the way of food and nourishment."

The touchstone, then, of the encyclical is the person—"endowed with intelligence and free will." Even "the person who errs is always and above all a human being, and he retains in every case his dignity as a human person." From this central point the Pope derives his conception of a "genuinely human" order in society: "an order whose foundation is truth, whose measure and objective is justice, whose driving force is love, and whose method of attainment is freedom."

Yet it is evident that few, if any, societies in the world today can claim to have achieved this ideal. In this respect, the Pope displays a healthy realism:

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he presents the task of creating such societies as a ceaseless and difficult one. More than that, he is particularly persuasive in pointing out those complexities of the modern world which make the realization of the ideal difficult of attainment. On two points he is especially eloquent.

First, he explicitly points out the danger of the arms race. Not only does it sap the "intellectual and economic resources" of nations, but it also creates an atmosphere of terror among the peoples of the world: "Justice, then, right reason and humanity urgently demand that the arms race should cease." For those who have doubts that it should, the Pope drives his point home in the sharpest fashion: "It is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice."

If there is in this last sentence an implicit rejection of the applicability of the "just war" theory in a nuclear age (and we are not certain on this point), there is also a rejection of another time-honored way of thinking: that a nation should pursue its own ends independently of other nations. With one blow, the Pope disposes of this antiquated theory: "Today the universal common good poses problems of world-wide dimensions, which cannot be adequately tackled or solved except by the efforts . . . of public authorities which are in a position to operate in an effective manner on a worldwide basis. The moral order itself . . . demands that such a form of public authority be established."

The Pope very wisely does not attempt to spell out how such an authority could be established; this he leaves to the ingenuity of the statesmen of the world. At most he contents himself with commending the ideals of the United Nations while hoping at the same time that it "may become ever more equal to the magnitude and nobility of its tasks. . . ." More generally, the Pope in very few instances attempts to present detailed plans for the establishment of a more viable human world order: "The problem of bringing social reality into line with the objective requirements of justice is a problem which will never admit of a definitive solution."

Flexibility, vision, justice, the human person—all of these values are fully served by *Pacem in Terris*. They are not, sadly, always served in the real world. But that is our task; Pope John has done his part with eminence, charity and wisdom.

Boost for NATO

ONLY A FEW short months ago President de Gaulle's resolute "No" to the United States-British plan for a NATO nuclear force put the future of the Western Alliance in serious doubt. France seemed determined to have and control her own nuclear force at the expense, if necessary, of the Atlantic Community. Now it seems, for whatever inscrutable reasons, France is reconsidering her disengagement from NATO, if not her design for a nuclear force of her own. The cordial atmosphere recently among the NATO representatives in Paris, as well as France's willingness to cooperate in contributing two fighter-bomber squadrons to the NATO Force in West Germany mark the stirrings of new life in at least the military part of the Alliance. For the French to back out now would be isolationist in the extreme.

A sure sign of revival within NATO was the protest note which the Soviet Union delivered to the Western nations during the Paris meetings, expressing the old fears of a West Germany armed with nuclear weapons and pressing for renewed negotiations over Berlin and European security. So far, however, the Russians have shown no real attempt to arrive at a peaceful settlement of those issues. But that is not to say there is no problem concerning West Germany's participation in a NATO nuclear force, from the Soviets' point of view.

It is good that hope of new life has been infused into NATO, but there is still a long way to go before a truly effective inter-allied nuclear defense can be realized. For one thing, West Germany, France and Italy seem to be increasingly disenchanted with the United States plan for Polaris missile-firing surface ships with mixed crews as the basis for the force. These countries claim that a submarine-based force is cheaper, more efficient and more "sophisticated," and their arguments must at least be considered.

The second major problem concerns the actual control of the multi-national force, as opposed to the old United States-sponsored multilateral force, which now seems to be emerging. According to the plan behind that force, the several participating countries would have a veto power over the firing of nuclear missiles. There are such obvious imperfections in that plan that it alone would demand arduous negotiations to establish.

Paradoxically, the recent French concessions may not represent so much of a gain for NATO, mili-

ADDITION TO THE STAFF

This week we are pleased to announce the addition to the staff of John Leo as an Associate Editor. Mr. Leo, a graduate of St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, has since 1960 been one of the editors of the *Catholic Messenger* of Davenport, Iowa.

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tarily speaking, as they do a boost for the political idea behind the Alliance. What have been revived are the ideas of interdependence and Atlantic partnership, which only yesterday were faltering. In a true sense the military problems are secondary to these concepts. But in any case one must await next month's NATO conference in Ottawa for a more detailed working out of the problems inherent in the tentative military arrangements.

Crisis Thinking

TO MANY of us, official Washington often seems more alert to the crisis of today than to the crisis of tomorrow. Our continuing troubles with Cuba and the recent misunderstanding with Canada have heightened suspicions that the officials involved were too surprised by events to have followed them closely and planned accordingly.

It is an easy thing, of course, to indict an Administration, or Washington in general, for a lack of sound, long-term planning. Justly or unjustly, exasperation over the crisis of the moment easily spills over into anger at the officials "who let it happen." And since the dynamics of journalism heavily favor crisis reporting, a distorted impression of policy planning is not hard to come by. Nevertheless the feeling seems to be growing that Washington is more adept at seeing trees than forests.

James Reston, whose reputation as a political analyst rests heavily on his ability to pinpoint a significant mood or trend, wrote last week that Washington officials "have become crisis-minded" and "have got in the habit of thinking primarily about the people who are causing the most trouble." Ten years ago it was Africa that was causing us no trouble; five years ago it was Cuba; and a few months ago it was Canada. So, naturally, we didn't bother thinking about them.

There is no simple way to combat "crisis-mindedness," or even to determine how much of a problem it is. But it is apparent that conditions are making it more of a danger. The far-flung nature of our commitments, the pressure to throw our energies into solving the trouble already in full bloom, even the pragmatic, problem-solving temper of the current Administration, combine to present a fertile field for the crisis mentality. Many of our newspapers, too, prepare the soil. Look, for instance, at the trickle of news on Syria between the two recent revolutions, the long silence on Haiti (leading up to the recent rich crop of "exposé" articles) and the silence on troubles in Thailand, which presumably will only be hard news when guerrilla warfare erupts, presenting us with a certified crisis.

The very term that Reston used for Uncle Sam—"the fireman of the world"—is a crisis-minded one. Sam is in the fire-prevention business as well.

Gain for Christian Democrats

POLITICALLY, Chile presents a contrast to many of its neighbors. Its elections are genuine, and it does not allow government by military coup. Its literacy rate is high, and it is a pioneer in social legislation. Other aspects conform closely to the Latin American pattern. Although primarily agricultural, Chile has to import food. For foreign exchange it is dependent on exports of raw materials—chiefly copper and nitrates. There is a chronic budget deficit; inflation is out of hand. Last November, demonstrations in Santiago over low wages and rising living costs resulted in five deaths. Whereas the destitute in the countryside tend to be apathetic, those in the swollen slums of Santiago and several other Chilean cities comprise an explosive political force.

Hence the showing of the pro-Alliance Christian Democrats in the municipal elections of April 7 (little noted in this country's press) was truly remarkable. They obtained 22.9 per cent of the votes. The incumbent right-of-center coalition had 46.1 per cent, while the F.R.A.P., led by the Communists, lost ground with 31 per cent (it had come within a few thousand votes of taking the last Presidential election and was expected to make such a good showing this year as to indicate success in 1964).

Doubtless there were such contributing factors as the loans already made under the Alliance for Progress, the Peace Corps projects and distribution of Church lands. The bulk of the credit should go to the Christian Democrats themselves under the long dedicated leadership of Eduardo Frei. In recent years they have grown from a respected tiny minority to the largest single political party in their native land.

Inspired by the political philosophy of Jacques Maritain and other Europeans, the Chilean Christian Democrats are personalists who believe in the welfare state as well as individual action. They are pluralist in outlook and insist that all political and social groups have equal rights. Their predilection for evolutionary over revolutionary change appears to be giving way before the conviction that only a full-fledged democratic social revolution can save a Latin America with its irresponsible wealthy few and increasingly desperate masses. Assuredly some such anti-Communist, left-of-center pattern is needed to point the way.

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The Pitfalls of Publicity

THE STRUGGLE between Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara and the Senate Investigating Subcommittee over the TFX contract demonstrates that pitiless publicity does not always work in the public interest. Last autumn, the Defense Department awarded a contract to the General Dynamics Corporation rather than to Boeing Aircraft, the rival bidder, which may ultimately be worth six billion dollars. The contract, which was to build a fighter plane both the Air Force and the Navy can use, was unusual in more than its financial size. It represented a major effort by Secretary McNamara and the highest civilian officials of the Defense Department to impose their authority upon the generals and admirals in order to achieve two goals more usually talked about than practiced in the Pentagon: economy and unification.

The Navy and the Air Force wanted separate planes for their carrier-based and land-based operations, respectively. McNamara insisted that, by sacrificing marginal advantages, the services should be able to agree upon a single plane. This would mean substantial savings over the long term in spare parts, servicing, auxiliary equipment, and pilot training. The uniformed officers of the Navy and Air Force, apparently not anticipating how firmly McNamara would push this policy, encouraged Boeing to submit what were, in effect, designs for two separate planes, and they consistently recommended these Boeing designs.

Only after four rounds of review and the personal intervention of McNamara were the services willing to rate both the General Dynamics and Boeing designs acceptable. Then the Secretary chose General Dynamics. At the request of Senator Henry Jackson, the Investigating Subcommittee began an inquiry. Jackson represents Washington, where the Boeing Company has its main offices.

At this point, the story takes its first wrong turning. If there was to be an investigation, and certainly Congress is well within its responsibilities in reviewing any contract of this magnitude, it should have been conducted by the Armed Services Committee. But as it turned out, the actual Investigating Subcommittee is the same group which the late Joe McCarthy chaired in 1953-54 and which for the past eight years has been under the leadership of Senator John McClellan of Arkansas, a sober and more responsible but not publicity-shy politician.

The history of the Subcommittee has been so colorful that any subject it undertakes automatically arouses the interest of reporters. Moreover, the Subcommittee's interest has, in and of itself, almost come to signify a *prima facie* finding of guilt. Since the TFX contract is solely a matter of judgment and no one, with the egregious exception of Senator Karl Mundt of South Dakota, has raised the specter of favoritism or corruption, the controversy has been argued in the wrong forum.

The Subcommittee released portions of testimony taken in executive session from middle-level Pentagon officials who had recommended Boeing for the contract. These *ex parte* disclosures dribbling out day by day naturally created in the public mind the impression that the Subcommittee was digging into a real scandal. In retrospect, it is clear that no public good was served by the release of this testimony. The Subcommittee would have done well to keep the entire inquiry confidential until it concluded its study. The public business does not always have to be conducted in public. The Subcommittee's management of the news of its inquiry was the controversy's second wrong turning.

Alarmed by the public impression which the Subcommittee was creating, the Pentagon decided to counterattack. Arthur Sylvester, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, told a not-for-attribution press briefing that the members of the Subcommittee were unfit to conduct an impartial inquiry because, with one exception, all of them had home state interests connected with the contract which structured their viewpoint. This was one of those statements which is both true and outrageous. From the standpoint of political realism, it is true that Senators have interests that are sometimes controlling. But our government cannot function unless the officials of its various branches and departments exercise a decent comity. If everyone hurried to attribute to everyone else the lowest of possible motives, the tone of public life would be irretrievably debased.

Sylvester's attack was the third error which the Subcommittee promptly compounded with another of its own. Instead of proceeding with lofty dignity and treating these anonymous slurs as unworthy of notice, the members of the Subcommittee hastened to call Sylvester before them. In a most tiresome display of pomposity and self-righteousness, they defended their own pure motives and tried to bully him into abject surrender. They did not seem to realize that they were in the position of the lady who had lost her reputation for virtue once she had to assert its existence publicly.

The inquiry resumed, and soon so did the counterattack. Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell Gilpatric told another not-for-attribution press briefing that the Subcommittee had doublecrossed Defense Department officials who, he said, had originally been led to believe the investigation would be only a brief routine affair designed to make Senator Jackson look good with his

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pro-Boeing constituents. Very shortly, the Subcommittee had ascertained Gilpatric's identity as the source of these remarks, and he was hastening to Capitol Hill to explain that the reporters had placed a somewhat different construction on his words than he had intended. At this juncture, Sen. Mundt told the press that the Subcommittee would look into Gilpatric's former law firm which does some work for General Dynamics, the successful bidder.

Nobody could leave bad enough alone. Someone in the Air Force "leaked" to a friendly correspondent the contents of a report alleging that the Subcommittee staff had indulged in third degree methods in its preliminary interrogations. When the Subcommittee protested yet again, the Air Force, acting on Secretary McNamara's instructions, tried to find the source of this "leak" by threatening to use, among other methods, the lie detector. The use of this degrading machine, which is of doubtful reliability anyway, on officers and civilians who have taken an oath to serve their country posed an acute and embarrassing anomaly. Mr. Kennedy personally intervened to rescue Secretary McNamara and ordered a halt to this lie detector foolishness.

In this midst of all these alarums and excursions, the TFX contract almost disappeared from view. Apparently, Secretary McNamara and his civilian aides made some initial miscalculations. The savings, while they should still prove substantial, may not be as large as had first been claimed. However, the issue remains one of judgment. Are the marginal advantages, the "bonus features," of the Boeing design important enough to offset the financial savings? We appoint a Defense Secretary to make exactly this kind of decision. In McNamara, the nation has an experienced, disinterested, and highly dedicated public servant who is not afraid to make hard choices.

The Subcommittee's disclosures have not shaken the highly favorable estimate which most people have formed of Secretary McNamara's abilities. But he would be wiser not to compete with the politicians of Capitol Hill in the uses of publicity. He should leave the defense of his reputation to the ultimate fairness and good sense of his fellow citizens and the unprompted judgment of the press.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

(William V. Shannon is The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Washington.)

Ronald Steel

The Disintegrating Alliance

The military independence of Europe will demand the end of our direct involvement on the Continent

THE PURPOSE of an alliance is to serve the interests of its members and allow them to do in unity what they cannot do individually. Beyond that, alliances may have virtues, but they have little significance. In the past, NATO has filled this function. Whether it can do so in the future is open to doubt. When the alliance was created in 1949, western Europe was fragmented into a collection of weak and dependent states, all looking to the United States for protection, and willing to accept American leadership.

Today western Europe is a cohesive economic force; tomorrow it promises to be a powerful political entity as well. The old equation has been radically changed. Instead of an American colossus and a host of European protectorates, there is now a four-part alliance composed of the United States, a resurgent West European community dominated by France, a Britain unable to choose between the two, and a host of peripheral states buffeted by the three major power blocs.

The gradual movement toward European unification has led to the fragmentation of NATO and the collapse of the post-war power structure. In the great task of European unification, NATO's military demands and diplomatic pretensions have been quite peripheral. The alliance has not been contravened so much as it has been ignored.

From the banks of the Potomac NATO still seems to be like the princess in a fairy tale, a thing of infinite beauty capable of performing any task, of repelling evil demons and bestowing bounty upon the virtuous. Alas, the dream is ending. Every sleep has its awakening. If

RONALD STEEL, an American writer and editor who comments on political and cultural affairs for this and other journals, recently returned to the United States from Europe.

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we look at NATO today with the eyes of an inquisitor rather than those of a moon-sick lover, we shall see something different from the visions of our political fairy tales. Like a beauty sadly vanished, NATO still trails the promises of its youth into a world impatient with illusions.

Whatever the dreams of its publicists, NATO is nothing more than a military alliance in which the United States assumes most of the costs and responsibilities in exchange for the acceptance of its diplomacy by the European allies. The military framework is all there ever was to the alliance. It is all there is today. NATO has no political power over its members. There has never been any such thing as a NATO action. There have only been political actions by the member nations with or without the support of their allies.

Throughout its existence NATO has oscillated uneasily between disinterest and disbelief. The movement toward European unity, however, signals the disintegration of the old power structure, and the creation of a new political balance between America and Europe. The coming ability of Europe to provide for its own defense has shattered the false consensus which Europe's chronic weakness imposed upon NATO.

In the past NATO offered the Europeans an American promise to come automatically to their aid in case of attack. In return they were asked to furnish a modest army and faithfully support American diplomacy. So long as it lasted, this was an agreeable situation. Its major disadvantage was that it forced the United States into a direct confrontation with Soviet power in the heart of the Continent. This American presence had the effect of transforming what was essentially a European power struggle into a rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union. It was a rivalry we could not avoid, but one from which we hoped to extricate ourselves once the Europeans redressed their military weakness. Underlying our involvement on the Continent was the fact that our own territory was invulnerable from Soviet military strength. This made our guarantee to Europe fully credible, since we could protect them without suffering damages ourselves.

But now the Russians have intercontinental missiles, and the United States is directly vulnerable to Soviet retaliation. This being the case, would an American President unleash our nuclear forces in response to a Russian attack upon Europe—knowing that this would lead to the atomic destruction of the United States itself? Perhaps he would; perhaps he would not. What was formerly a question of logistics has now become one of psychology.

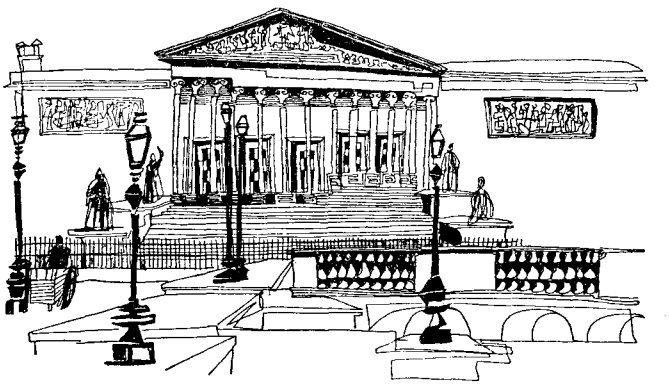
WITH THE American guarantee to defend Europe now thrown into question, the old foundation of the alliance has been eroded. For the Europeans it is no longer the absolute condition of their defense. It is only a conditional American promise which looks less convincing with the closing of each American missile base in Europe. It now offers Europeans only the dubious privilege of furnishing a large land army to back up a nuclear force entirely under American control. In this light it does not strongly recommend itself to a Europe which has become the economic equal of America and which is impatient with its old status of inferiority.

Within the realm of political interests, NATO is not the unalloyed asset Washington may imagine. As the Cuban crisis revealed so clearly, NATO directly involves the Europeans in any quarrel between America and Russia, regardless of their stake in that quarrel. It also showed that the United States had no hesitation to lead its allies to the brink of nuclear war without finding it necessary to inform or consult with them in advance. The Cuban affair, to a good many Europeans, taught that if there is to be any hope for Europe to escape devastation in a war between the two nuclear powers, it could not be achieved by an integrated military alliance with the United States.

Europe today is in no position to break loose from America—not yet. Until they are able, and willing, to build a credible defense force of their own, Europeans must remain dependent on American protection and committed to NATO. However, the economic resurgence of Europe has made a European defense force technically possible. Within the near future Europe will be capable of building a convincing land army and forging a nuclear deterrent force of its own. The question is no longer whether Europe can defend itself, but whether it is willing to do so.

Washington has greeted the prospect of an independent European defense force as a mortal threat to Western civilization. One can only assume, from recent statements of Administration officials, that General de Gaulle is a greater menace than Mr. Khrushchev. The administration's recent succession of blunders—beginning with the Skybolt fiasco, continuing with the Nassau Pact, and now a farcical scheme for loading nuclear missiles on cargo ships—have all been directed toward one end: prevent the Europeans from mounting their own nuclear defense force.

Should the Europeans acquiesce in these proposals,



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they will be congratulated by Washington for their perspicacity and reasonableness. They will be given no significant role in the determination of American strategy and diplomacy (as the Pentagon has elaborated many times, there can be only one center of nuclear control in the West—the United States) and they will be expected to pay for an increasing share of the alliance's nuclear hardware—that is, to buy more of their weapons from American manufacturers. But in return they would be spared the heavy accountability of being responsible for their defense and their diplomacy. Unfortunately, from the Administration's point of view, the Europeans show no interest in doing this. Inspired by the vision of union, western Europe is shaking itself loose from its long dependency on America.

Europe is becoming a great world power, one ascending over both America and Russia. It is today embarking upon a great experiment in unification, one similar to that which occurred in America nearly two centuries ago. But as this union gathers force, it will become increasingly anachronistic for Europe to remain militarily dependent upon the United States. This goes against the whole grain of European unification; it denies Europe's nascent power. It has come to be considered a kind of humiliation, one which we would not endure at the hands of the Europeans, and which we cannot reasonably expect them to accept from us.

No nation, if it has an alternative, willingly places itself under the dominion of another, no matter how friendly. For many years Europe had no alternative. But today it does, and it is already beginning to be exercised. By the end of the decade, when the French nuclear deterrent becomes operational, and put at the service of the European community, the military independence of Europe will have been achieved.

AT THAT POINT the old structure of NATO will have dissolved. Europe will not need our protection, and we will not be dependent on Europe, since the intercontinental missile will have eliminated our need for European bases to deter Soviet aggression. The defense of America will soon be conducted entirely from the United States itself, or from roving missile-equipped submarines. This will reduce our involvement in Europe to the half-million men stationed on the Continent as our contribution to NATO.

These troops are our hostage to NATO's nuclear strategy; they assure the Europeans that our nuclear guarantee is really credible. But once the Europeans possess their own nuclear deterrent, these troops will have ceased to serve any rational function. They could only involve the United States in a European conflict over which we would have no control. Ultimately the United States will be forced, in the name of its own self-interest, to retire its troops from Europe. No matter how many vows of eternal allegiance are made in Washington today, the military independence of Europe will demand the end of our direct involvement on the Continent.

This re-evaluation of NATO may not be so long in coming as the Administration now imagines. Early this year Wayne Morse told the Senate "the more we find ourselves paying for the privilege of remaining in Europe, the more we find ourselves alone among the major powers in meeting the assigned manpower obligations of NATO, the more independent military establishments that rise up in western Europe, then the more inclination there will be to make a realistic, ad hoc judgment as to whether what has become to us a mere United States military foothold in Europe is worth jeopardizing American cities and American lives."

There is no need to moan and gnash our teeth over Europe's desire to provide for its own defense, to accuse the Europeans of ingratitude—as though nations constructed their diplomacies on gratitude. There always has been, after all, something unseemly about our determination to look with anguish upon the ability of our allies to play a more independent role in their own defense. Was it not the purpose of NATO, back in those almost forgotten days of the late forties, to help the Europeans recover so that they might be able to take care of themselves? Is not Europe's coming ability to do so the mark of NATO's success? Surely it was never imagined by the founders of the alliance, either in the United States or in Europe, that it was to be the instrument for a permanent American tutelage over the Continent.

Rather than fearing the coming equality between Europe and America, it would be more appropriate for us to encourage the Europeans in their efforts to create a strong and independent military force. And even to be gratified that an alliance designed to protect Europe while it struggled from postwar chaos is finally fulfilling its purpose. The permanent dependency of Europe upon America was not the reason for the building of the Atlantic alliance. The passing of this condition should satisfy us as well as our European allies.

We are emerging from the postwar period, one which fixed our diplomacy for a decade and a half. A new confrontation of forces is forming, one based upon the slow transformation of Russia into a status quo, bourgeois state, on the constitution of a powerful European community, and on the cessation of America's long protectorship over Europe. The old premises on which NATO was founded are all passing into history. The alliance, at least in the form we have known it, cannot escape disintegration once it becomes irrelevant to the altered shape of the post-war world. Faced with the passing of NATO, the great task of our diplomacy is not how we can turn the clock back on history, but rather how we must deal with a world in which a powerful new force has entered—a uniting Europe.

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Muhammad Speaks

TIME WAS when the Jehovah's Witnesses had things pretty much to themselves when it came to selling their publications on the streets. In Eastern cities these days, though, the Black Muslims are giving them plenty of competition with their paper, called *Muhammad Speaks*. It makes interesting if sobering reading.

The emphasis is on Negro militancy. In the issue I read recently these were typical headlines: "Fight for Jobs or Perish!"; "Whites Who Fight Reforms"; "Mobilize for Jobs or Face Destruction!"; "Hospital Workers Fight To Live!"; "Wake Up! The Time is Now"; "Angolans Choose to Fight"; "African Nationals Laud Freedom Fight"; "70,000 Negroes Battle to End 2nd Class Citizenship"; "Jackson, Citadel of Segregationists, Under Assault from Freedom Fighters."

The emphasis, in short, is on militancy—so much so that the total effect on the white reader is a little chilling. Life being full of contradictions, though, I have to report that the man I encountered selling *Muhammad Speaks* was a bit of an Uncle Tom; his delighted surprise that a white man would buy his paper and his fervent "Thank you, sir" hardly represent the spirit of the Black Muslims. More typical was the Page 2 story done in tabloid style with its own racial twist: "Holy Bible Student Confesses Slaying 3 in Negro Family," an account of the crime of a "white Bible student who last year was accused of murdering three members of a Negro's family in order to abduct their beautiful, 16-year-old girl." At that, however, I think the account was more restrained than the treatment a white tabloid would have given a similar case.

Black Muslims don't have much time for Catholics or for Christianity in general. Leader Elijah Muhammad writes: "The European white race, the breeders of many false religions opposed to the true religion (entire submission to the will of Allah), has set up the head of their religion in Rome, Italy, and calls the head 'Father' (Pope) . . . . We should know, after 400 years under Christians, that there is nothing in white Christianity for the black race but hell!"

In itself, *Muhammad Speaks* is a pretty poor excuse for a paper. Nonetheless, it ought to be taken seriously, because the Black Muslims have to be. "This world is white," James Baldwin wrote, "and they are black." This is what the Black Muslims have learned, and this makes them a force to be reckoned with.

Negro leaders know this, I think. I find it significant that the issue of *Muhammad Speaks* that I read features the first part of a long interview with A. Philip Randolph, long a respected Negro union leader. The Black Muslims do not draw their support from the educated Negroes, from the growing Negro middle class. Their appeal is primarily to the uneducated poor—precisely the ones who most feel the pinch of unemployment and despair right now.

At a recent press conference, President Kennedy described the increasing seriousness of the unemployment picture, with the national unemployment rate almost six per cent. But as far as Negroes are concerned, that figure is far from the true story. *Muhammad Speaks* sums up the situation confronting Negroes: "With automation snatching from them even the unskilled and semi-skilled jobs left them as crumbs by a hostile society, theirs is now a struggle against death itself."

This is, of course, a melodramatic way of putting the matter. But the fact is that automation does hit hardest at the unskilled and the semi-skilled, and Negroes fall primarily into these two groups—this even aside from the traditional pattern in which the Negro is "last hired, first fired." As a result, for every ten white job seekers there are twenty-five Negroes looking for work. If Black Muslim influence among them increases, it is small wonder.

Speaking of proposals for a Negro "job-rights" mass march on Washington, A. Philip Randolph said: ". . . the black laboring masses face an economic disaster. . . . All over the nation we see black workers huddled together in the black ghettos in the metropolitan centers: jobless, frustration seizing them, in many instances desperation. This is perhaps the most explosive social condition which confronts the nation. The nation must do something about it. It must do something about it now."

I agree with Mr. Randolph, and I think events inside the Negro community must be judged against the backdrop of Black Muslim influence. The Muslims are racists; they are white supremacists turned inside out. Responsible Negro leaders oppose them precisely for that reason, and they are, of course, quite right. But the position of these Negro leaders becomes more and more difficult precisely to the extent that Black Muslim charges against white society seem to be true.

I am thinking here, for example, of the demand by Congressman Adam Clayton Powell of New York that all whites be removed from policy-making posts in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and other Negro civil rights organizations. "We must seize control of these organizations," Representative Powell told a Negro audience. "We must put into policy control those persons who represent the black masses." This is racism, not so-pure and not so-simple, for Congressman Powell is not a simple man. But we will see more black racism, and more black intransigence, unless there is an end to white racism and white intransigence.

JAMES O'GARA

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THOMAS R. BROOKS

A Domestic Peace Corps?

The areas of service are virtually limitless

EVERY WOMAN who volunteers some of her precious time as a hospital aide, or to take a turn at a neighborhood social work agency, every man who gives up an evening or two a week to work with a youth group, knows the pressing need for volunteer aid. The need is even greater in our bleak areas, among the disadvantaged dwelling in city and rural slums unleavened by middle-class families that have time for volunteer social work.

It is this need for volunteer service in our "underdeveloped" areas that gives urgency to President John F. Kennedy's proposed National Service Corps, an application of the successful overseas Peace Corps volunteer-service-aid formula to our own country. The Service Corps should not be confused with the Youth Employment Act. The latter, in the President's words, "is designed for those young people who are in need of help—the unemployed, the unskilled, the unwanted." The former is for "those . . . who wish to be of help . . . and whose idealism and situation in life enables them [to serve the community] on a volunteer basis."

"The areas in which national volunteer aid could be useful are virtually limitless," says a NSC spokesman. This burst of enthusiasm is backed by hard facts: among those who dwell in what author Michael Harrington calls "the other America" are some 225,000 children of the migratory workers who follow the nation's harvest each year. These youngsters are unable to take advantage of the aid available and considered normal in almost any town or city. Moreover, every sixth citizen of the United States lives on submarginal income and lacks either the skills, the reading ability, or motivation to make a better life for himself. Half of this group are children, or young people just entering upon life. And, at a time when the country needs a growing reservoir of skills—more education, not less—the number of school drop-outs is on the increase.

As of October, 1962, thirty-two per cent of the youth in America between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four were not in school and had not completed high school. Teachers are hard pressed to find time to help such youngsters develop the motivation needed to stay on in school. Nationally, 230,000 new qualified teachers will be needed every year in the decade ahead; the supply will be less than 100,000. Social workers, too, are in short supply. Fewer than 2,000 graduate yearly; yet, by 1970, public assistance and child welfare agencies alone estimate they will need 34,000 trained workers.

Hospitals for the mentally retarded and diseased have less than fifty per cent of the nursing and social work staff they need. Jail and reformatory inmates lack both education and basic labor skills for the world they will face upon release. Our senior citizens also have unmet physical, psychological and material needs. Some of these, especially the need for fruitful work, may be met by recruiting NSC volunteers among retired citizens; but others—retraining in new skills or in developing senior citizen centers—depend upon the aid of volunteers.

Too many of America's Indians—over half are under twenty years of age—live where sanitation is inadequate and malnutrition is common. Conditions that are paralleled in Africa, Asia and South America, where Peace Corpsmen are doing yeoman's work in planning diets, dispensing surplus commodities and digging and developing sanitation systems.

CONDITIONS in America, however, *are* different. Can a service corps work or survive in, say, Louisiana, where it is a crime to give public aid to unwed mothers? Will the volunteers understand that migratory workers *have* a different culture? Or will the migrants seem shiftless where an Andes peasant will be seen as a victim of environment and social conditions? Also, working with underprivileged African tribes may be more glamorous than dealing with school drop-outs in Manhattan. In that case will the domestic peace corps get the recruits it will need to sustain long-term aid programs?

Some tentative answers may be found in the various domestic peace corps trial groups undertaken over the last year. Others may be found in the projected plans of the National Service Corps itself.

Last summer, an attractive twenty-year-old Douglass College junior, Elizabeth Ferrar, and fifteen other students went out into New Jersey's blueberry, cranberry and potato farm areas to work with migratory families. Their goal was modest enough: to set up day-care centers for migrant children in the hopes that a going program would encourage local volunteers to take them over and carry on.

They began with trepidation as dilapidated over-

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crowded autos and buses daily disgorged would-be crop pickers. The girls were told that the farmers would not welcome them for fear of "Harvest of Shame" exposés and that the migrants would offer no help, though success of the project depended on some element of self-help. "We needn't have worried," recalls Miss Ferrar. "No farmers turned us away. They cooperated wonderfully." And the migrants "seemed as enthusiastic as we were."

Another volunteer recalls an afternoon in July when several Douglass students, some local teen-age and women volunteers pitched in to clean up quarters for a day-care center: "When we first arrived, about four in the afternoon, some of the men who had just come in from the fields hung around watching. They were tired and suspicious. We said 'hello' and went about our business. Then, one of the men picked up an idle broom; another asked for a paint brush and bucket. Soon everybody was involved."

Project director Dr. Richard Stevenson, head of the Department of Sociology at Douglass, terms the experiment "a success," though it will not be repeated again this summer. (It was planned as a one-shot, one-summer affair.) Various community groups, he reports, are planning to continue the day-care centers and expand the program. The Dutch Reformed Church of New Jersey now has a three-year migrant aid program underway.

Dr. Stevenson is all for the National Service Corps idea. But he does have a word of caution for volunteers. The Douglass students, he says, "expected more gratitude than they received." Volunteers, he adds, "will have to learn that the people you help just aren't going to fall on their knees." And it must be noted that some of the girls ended up sympathetic to the farmers and sharing their views that the migrants are "shifters." However, some children did get care that they would not otherwise have gotten.

Much more controversial is the Harlem domestic peace corps project sponsored by Congressman Adam Clayton Powell. This experiment, financed by a 250,000-dollar grant from the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare, has been denounced as another piece of Powell chicanery. It is housed, for rent, in a building owned by Powell's Abyssinian Baptist Church.

Yet thirty-five youngsters, most of whom could not have met the stringent standards of the International Peace Corps, are in training to serve a year as volunteers in Harlem's pitifully understaffed social agencies. "What we thought," says Dr. Jeanne Noble of New York University's Center for Human Relations, "was that we might just try to take untrained people, highly motivated, and give them a crash program of education and see if we could turn them into useful social aides."

They will serve as hospital social workers, remedial reading teachers, and PTA helpers. Before their year is up, they will try to organize Harlem adolescents into a neighborhood improvement corps. If they succeed, as Murray Kempton has pointed out, their impact on Harlem may be the equivalent of that of the Freedom Riders on the deep South.

THE NATIONAL Service Corps, of course, will draw on all these and similar experiments. Its present plans are indicative of its sponsors' future hopes. This fall, Congress permitting, some two hundred volunteers who have enlisted for a year's service, will be divided among some forty projects. (The services of the Corps must be requested by the local communities.) They will live with the people they are assigned to help, receiving only what is required for food and housing. (At the end of their term of service, they will receive a lump-sum severance pay—based on seventy-five dollars a month—as do overseas Peace Corpsmen.) Subsistence will come to seven or eight dollars a day in Harlem or about two dollars a day on an Indian reservation. They will have behind them a month's training in the use of community resources and structures and ways of working with people, as well as some supervised field work. This training, it is expected, will eliminate the kind of misunderstanding that arose when the Douglass girls became sympathetic to the "plight" of the farmers rather than that of the migrants. All this will be geared to the projects assigned the volunteers.

New York City's East Side Mobilization for Youth has already put in for thirty National Service Corpsmen. They will be divided in two groups, one to work in a school program, the other to work with community organizations. According to George A. Brager, director of the area program, the volunteers are expected to live scattered throughout the neighborhood rather than in their own dormitory.

"This way," says Brager, "they would establish their own contacts and attachments—each within a different pocket of the neighborhood. We would want them to root themselves in the community, to understand and become part of its culture and climate." Brager, incidentally, underscores one of the values of the service corps to such projects. "If you ask a professional to live

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in the neighborhood," he says, "you just wouldn't get him."

Other domestic peace corps volunteers will follow the stream of migratory workers in California, serving as teachers' aides and day-care workers. At the home base for migrant camps, they will also serve as recreation aides while others will advise migrant families on nutrition and home economics. Some will help Cuban refugees overcome their lack of basic English and offer job guidance. In Kentucky, corpsmen are expected to work on a series of pilot projects for adult education and town redevelopment. In Massachusetts, they will work with the State Division of Mental Health to expand a student-volunteer aid program in hospitals for the mentally-ill and institutions for the mentally-retarded.

A number of National Service Corps volunteers will spend a year on the Oglala Sioux Tribe Pine Ridge Reservation of South Dakota at the invitation of the Tribal Council. Here they will aid in developing self-help housing, model irrigation farming, day-care centers for children, recreation programs and other special projects arranged under local leadership.

This, of course, is only a beginning. The cost of the program, based on a first-year estimate of some one thousand volunteers, is expected to range from four million to six and one-half million dollars. Within three years, the corps will expand to a maximum of five thousand volunteers. No one seems worried about recruiting volunteers. "We get fifty letters a day," says a Peace Corps official, "asking after the possibilities of doing something on the home front."

As a nation we seem to flounder when it comes to confronting the problems of "the other America." While a domestic peace corps can't possibly solve these problems, it can help some individuals get a hold of their own problems and get a start on a possibly better life. It is little enough, but not an opportunity to be passed over lightly. One can only hope that Congress will feel the same way.

A PROTESTANT VIEWPOINT

The Coming of Küng

IN AN AMAZINGLY short time, Hans Küng, professor of Fundamental Theology at Tübingen, has become a kind of symbol of what Protestants would like to believe contemporary Roman Catholicism can become. And, if one is to judge by his reception among Catholic audiences during his recent trip to this country, he represents not only a symbol of Protestant hopes but of Catholic hopes as well.

It is important that the latter point be clear at the outset of any Protestant comments about Dr. Küng. I am not suggesting that he is an important ecumenical figure because he "sounds Protestant" and therefore pleases us, but precisely because he represents what it seems to us Catholicism could be and can be, in the light of her own deepest understanding of herself. I am suggesting, in other words, that Dr. Küng is important for Protestants not because he is a "bad" Catholic, but solely and simply because he is such a "good" one, and that he is therefore important for Catholics as well. He is not willing to be imprisoned, for example, in the "textbook theology" of the post-Tridentine period, but insists on seeing his faith in broader, fuller (i.e. more "catholic") terms than that one small segment of the Church's history makes possible. He realizes that the expression of the Catholic faith must be affirmative rather than polemical, and that when it is stated affirmatively, with due attention to the need to communicate it clearly, it stands less in need of anathemas and is more productive of Amens.

Professor Küng's American speaking tour not only awakens fresh interest in his repeated theme of "Freedom and the Church," but also serves the useful purpose of calling attention to his writing, which will now receive greater attention among American Catholics and non-Catholics than would otherwise have been the case. This, I submit, is all to the good, and a few comments on his books may help to swell his reading public even further.

The book that has taken Catholics and non-Catholics by storm has been Professor Küng's volume written in anticipation of the Second Vatican Council, titled in its American edition, *The Council, Reform and Reunion*. The American house of Sheed and Ward inserted the word "Reform," which was not contained in the British and German editions. In doing so, it was not attempting to seek a Protestant audience (though it got one), but to describe more accurately the temper of the chapters, their author, and, indeed, what I believe is becoming the temper of the Church. While one cannot credit Dr. Küng with creating the air of reform that seems to be emanating from the Council, he nevertheless put forth in his pre-Council volume a statement of the hopes for genuine reform that appear to characterize the minds of a majority of the voting bishops.

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I remember very clearly my excitement when I received the British paperback edition of this book, several months before the American edition appeared. (One way to be theologically "in" is to keep abreast of the lists of British publishing houses.) I read it almost without pause and immediately devoted two enthusiastic lectures to paraphrasing its contents, with copious direct quotations, for a theology class on "Contemporary Roman Catholic Thought." But when I shared my excitement over Küng's book with a colleague, our conversation went something like this:

Self: (exuberant) ! ! ! ! !

Colleague: Relax now, don't get so excited. Küng is way out in left field.

Self (somewhat stung): At least he's in the ball park.

Colleague: You can't be too sure. He certainly doesn't speak for the team.

Self: (unwilling to concede defeat) Well, anyhow he hasn't been cut from the line-up. He's still wearing the uniform.

I offer this not as a sample of how we Protestants usually talk about "things Catholic" (the metaphor crept in, I believe, because it was World Series time), but as an instance of the almost constitutional inability of Protestants to take seriously Catholic utterances that appear to deviate from the generally accepted norm. How many Catholic theologians, for example, even when Küng's book first appeared, were urging their fellow Catholics to listen to everything that was valid in the Reformers' protest? I am prepared to believe that perhaps at the time the book appeared, Professor Küng *was* "far out," at least by normal standards of theological measurement. But my point is that history is rather quickly and happily catching up with him. His book, which in spite of introductory messages by Archbishop König and Cardinal Liénart must have initially disturbed certain of the faithful, has now become a rallying point for many Catholics as a statement of their hopes for the Council.

Perhaps the signal achievement of Professor Küng has been to convince non-Catholics (and hopefully Catholics, too) that "reform" is a genuine word in the Catholic vocabulary and a genuine impetus in Catholic ecclesiastical life. We Protestants have been accustomed to believing that, in principle at least, we had a corner on the notion of reform and that Catholicism, in principle at least, could not admit the need for radical reform. We could see ourselves as a sinful community and assert that judgment must begin at the house of God, whereas Roman Catholicism could, at most, see itself as a community of sinners whose corporate life needed to be tidied up at this point or that, but which was unable in any basic way to contemplate thorough-going reformation.

I still think there is something to this distinction; "irreformable dogmas," after all, are not very reformable. But Professor Küng has made clear that the extent of possible reformation is far wider than I, or most other Protestants, I believe, could have realized, without his help. And with the Council's manifest intent to engage in significant reform, it is clear that Professor Küng now is, if I may once again employ the slightly sacrilegious metaphor, no longer in left field but somewhere in the neighborhood of second base.

Professor Küng's awareness of the significance of Protestant thought was well-established before his book on the Council appeared. To the scholars he was already known for his huge book entitled *Rechtfertigung*, a doctoral dissertation examining Karl Barth's doctrine of justification. (It is another sign of ecumenical cooperation that this book by a Roman Catholic, about a Calvinist, is being translated into English by a Lutheran.) In this book, Küng propounded the initially astounding thesis that Protestant Barth's doctrine of justification was in fact what the Council of Trent really *meant* to say. When one considers the amount of ink that has been spilled, let alone blood shed, over Catholic and Protestant differences on the meaning of justification, it is more than a little surprising that anyone could claim that here, of all places, contemporary agreement could be found. Barth, no less surprised than others, wrote in the preface of Küng's book that the author had not distorted Barth's thought, and that if Küng was indeed right about Trent, Barth would have to take a pilgrimage back to that city, beat his breast and say, "*Patres, peccavi.* Fathers, I have sinned." Barth has not yet packed his bags, however, for he wants to be sure how Küng's thesis is received in the Catholic world.

As a matter of fact, the book has been very well received in both the Catholic and Protestant world. There has been an interesting twist in the reviewers' reactions: Catholics have tended to say, "Küng is certainly right about Trent, but he can't possibly be right about Barth," while Protestants have tended to say, "Küng is certainly right about Barth, but he can't possibly be right about Trent." At all events, as Barth has said, if Küng *is* right we can joyfully accept the fact that this area of doctrine need no longer separate us from one another, even though many other areas will continue to do so.

Coincident with his visit to this country, a third book by Professor Küng has just appeared. This is entitled *That the World May Believe* (Sheed and Ward), and it consists of ten letters to a Roman Catholic university student, on such topics as, "Do you discuss things with Protestants?" "Does a Catholic have to defend everything?" "What happens to pagans?" "Do you have doubts?" In this book, Professor Küng wears his professorial robes very lightly, although it is obvious that deep learning informs every page of these informal and chatty letters. It is encouraging to observe a great scholar willing to be simply a human being, less con-

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cerned to add to his academic prestige than to speak a word of wisdom and counsel to one who needs milk rather than strong meat and footnotes. This book will not only be useful to Newman Clubs, but will open new doors of understanding as it comes to the attention of non-Catholic students as well.

The book cries out for quotation. In an act of supreme discipline, I shall limit myself to the prayer he suggests at the end of his chapter dealing with Catholic approaches to Protestants:

Let us pray to the Holy Ghost for Catholic and Protestant Christians:
that they take their stand not on schools of thought but on the Gospel of Christ,
that they may have no desire to "win" in discussion,
that truth and love be wholly identified in them,
that they should strive not to perpetuate differences but to resolve them,
that their hearts' desire should be not the drawing of frontiers but the finding of common ground.

That is probably the note on which to end this column. But I think it is important to comment on one disquieting feature of Dr. Küng's American tour. This is the already famous "incident" of the decision of the authorities at Catholic University in Washington to deny Dr. Küng the opportunity to speak in a lecture series on that campus. The regret one may feel over this decision is thrice compounded by the fact that a similar proscription was exercised toward two leading Jesuit thinkers, Fathers John Courtney Murray and Gustave Weigel, and toward the outstanding authority on liturgy in the English-speaking world, Father Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B.

The sad fact in all of this is that the authorities apparently felt that the presence of such men on the campus, under the sponsorship of the University, would somehow commit the university to their positions—an operational rubric that would stultify and destroy "education" overnight if it were ever consistently applied. From this perspective, the action at Catholic University does tremendous harm to the image of American Catholic education as genuinely concerned with open inquiry and the give-and-take of conflicting opinions.

But the encouraging fact about the incident is the overwhelming sense of protest and indignant reaction from the Catholic world itself. Not only individuals, but diocesan papers and members of the faculty at Catholic University itself, have expressed their dissatisfaction with the principle implied in the action and the nature of the action. So the incident has had the reverse effect; but such attempts at banning and censorship almost always have—rather than softening the impact of Dr. Küng, it has directed greater attention to him than would otherwise have been the case. We can console ourselves with the thought that enterprising students at Catholic University, deprived of the chance to hear Dr. Küng in person, will redouble their efforts to get a hold of his books. ROBERT MCAFEE BROWN

(Dr. Brown, who contributes a regular column to these pages, is Professor of Religion at Stanford.)

AN EXCHANGE OF VIEWS

"The Catholic Press"

St. Paul, Minn.

TO THE EDITORS: Robert Hoyt's article [Feb. 15] reads more like a hasty compendium of pet peeves than a diagnosis of the ills of the Catholic press.

Mr. Hoyt implies that 118 diocesan weeklies is too great a number for 40 million Catholics. I don't necessarily agree, his (frivolous?) citation of *Mater et Magistra* notwithstanding. The figures he gives average out to one diocesan publication per 339,000 Catholics. There are approximately 1,200 dailies for some 185,000,000 Americans, which averages out to one daily per 152,000 Americans, plus several hundred weeklies.

But if Mr. Hoyt is serious, and willing to lead the way with the (Kansas City) *Catholic Reporter*, I imagine one or the other of a couple of existing chains might be willing to effect a consolidation for him. Somehow, though, I suspect it would be a cold day in Kansas City, and over Robert G. Hoyt's dead body as well. I suggest other editors would have the same salutary reaction were Mr. Hoyt on the gobbling end in relation to the publications they serve. And with good reason.

Granted that all diocesan newspapers get the same NCWC News Service (some get the non-denominational Religious News Service as well), individual editors can, and do, differ on what is big news and what can be left out. This can have a corrective and instructive effect as one checks to see what another did with the same news report. The editor who thinks he has the perfect formula, even on a national or international level, is kidding himself.

Added to the variations resulting from intelligent differences of judgment will be those dictated by the local

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situation which may invest a piece of news with greater value than it has elsewhere. I could hardly be expected to make an accurate judgment on the Kansas City situation, say, from St. Paul, Minn. And vice-versa. Much, in fact, can be said for more diocesan papers, each serving the needs of its particular area with special sensitivity, rather than a series of consolidations resulting in regional or continental abstractions treating only the "great" issues.

Which brings up the question of what the diocesan press is for. Mr. Hoyt seems to say that on Oct. 5, 1962, the *raison d'être* of the Catholic diocesan press was to take a stand on the James Meredith-University of Mississippi crisis. Failing that, the diocesan press failed to justify its existence in terms of relevancy and responsibility. He cites a survey that showed "no fewer than fifty-six" of ninety diocesan papers had nothing to say—on Oct. 5—about the crisis. Conversely, thirty-four did comment—*no less than thirty-seven percent*—a startling performance considering the arbitrary nature of the test.

Only a minimal understanding of statistics (which is all I have) is needed to see that the narrow survey Mr. Hoyt cites does not constitute "a more than adequate sample" on which to base his broad, moral conclusions. The sample is adequate to show that a certain percentage of diocesan weeklies did or did not say something about the Meredith case on Oct. 5—no more, no less. That the incident referred to was "the most significant and dangerous domestic crisis of the year" is by no means self-evident, nor did Mr. Hoyt offer substantiation.

Did diocesan papers fail to live up to their responsibility relative to the James Meredith case? A valid study would have to (a) establish what that responsibility was, and (b) study the records of "an adequate sample" over a relevant period of time, which would also have to be defined.

The obligation to write an editorial in this instance or any other, I would venture, is a contingent one, proportioned to the opportunity to do some good. An editor writes an editorial to have an effect, I gather, and not just to "take a stand," as if Oct. 5 were election day, and no vote were a "No" vote on a racial justice referendum. Mr. Hoyt, interestingly, brought up some of the more far-fetched titles of editorials in the offending fifty-six, but failed to mention one significant fact: Oct. 5 was just six days before the opening of the Second Ecumenical Council in the Vatican, an event, I'm sure he would agree, of overriding significance. If Mr. Hoyt can show a substantial number of diocesan papers keeping silent about that in their news and editorial page columns, he would have something.

But does the diocesan press exist primarily to express editorial judgments? Or to present book reviews? Or essays on the general cultural and intellectual situation? If this were so, I would agree with Mr. Hoyt: 118 papers are too many; perhaps a round dozen would suffice.

I would say the job of a diocesan newspaper is to be a newspaper. Just as the purpose of the downtown paper is to nourish the life of the community with information, so the purpose of the diocesan newspaper is to nourish the life of the Church of St. Paul, say, or of Kansas City, with information the readers need to live a full life as members of that Church.

Notice of a lecture next Wednesday on the Church's social doctrine; the report of a Lutheran-Catholic biblical dialogue; an interview with a pastor who has evolved a successful plan for the support of his parish; the official instructions of the bishop to his flock; the progress of a group devoted to obtaining bus rides for Catholic school children on an equal basis with public school children: these are some of the building stones on which the necessity of the diocesan press is based. And, because the readers are members also of the Church in America and the Church Universal, there will be news of value to them from other parts of the nation, from Rome and from other parts of the world.

Is there an obligation to do more? Yes; a proportioned one. But the road to greatness is not through neglect of the necessary. The answer is not fewer papers; the answer is more papers doing a better job.

Some of the other problems Mr. Hoyt brings up—that of criticism, or contributing to the formation of a Catholic opinion within the Church, of the relationship of the paper to the bishop, and of the choice of qualified editors—these are real problems deserving of fuller study. Perhaps Mr. Hoyt will oblige?

ALBERT DE ZUTTER
News Editor,
The Catholic Bulletin

The Author Replies

Kansas City, Mo.

TO THE EDITORS: What evidence I have indicates that Mr. De Zutter is right in supposing that most diocesan papers recognized the opening of the Vatican Council as an editorial must. This reinforces one of the points I tried to make: that genuinely significant events are sure of notice in the diocesan press only if they bear an ecclesiastical label. Mr. De Zutter again confirms my thinking when he lists examples of events deserving priority in coverage: a lecture on social doctrine, a dialogue meeting, a new program of parish support, a school bus campaign. All these events need to be reported; but in the whole list there is little evidence of any response to the invitation the Catholic press has received from Pope John, to exert "an action of presence and testimony" in the wider community. Somewhere in the list I'd like to have seen some attention not only

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to theoretical aspects of Catholic social doctrine but to local applications: the effects of urban renewal, the standards of public welfare, the incidence of racial and religious discrimination. And I really don't see why the diocesan newspaper, as newspaper, is absolved from responsibility for examining "the general intellectual and cultural situation."

The current issue of the St. Paul *Catholic Bulletin* carries a story on a speech deploring the absence of Catholics from civic and political movements; a column lamenting the centuries-long divorce between the Church as institution and the temporal needs of its people; a story on the failure of the Church in Latin America to protest adequately against feudalistic practices; an editorial on Food for Peace; a column on Chinese refugees; two columns (one by a liberal, the other by a conservative) on proceedings of the state legislature; and several brief news stories on race relations. It would seem that the practice of Mr. De Zutter and his associates is not wholly at variance with the theory I was, perhaps clumsily, trying to assert.

Mr. De Zutter is startled that "no less than" thirty-seven percent of the diocesan papers in the survey I cited saw a need to comment on the Meredith incident. I remain undisturbed in my astonishment that sixty-three percent failed to comment. I don't intend to try to substantiate my view that the Mississippi crisis was a matter of overriding significance. I leave it to readers to judge whether diocesan papers had a duty to take notice of the event, as one means of helping their subscribers to live a full Catholic life.

Mr. De Zutter misreads my intent if he thinks my primary concern is with the number of diocesan papers. My concern is with their quality and effectiveness. Many Catholics see no other Catholic periodicals besides their diocesan paper. To these readers the diocesan paper represents the Catholic mind at work on the life of the time. This seems to me to suggest that publishers and editors should take their work seriously. In reading works of history, biography and social criticism it's a little frightening to realize that scholars often have no other place to look besides the files of the diocesan paper to discover the preoccupations of Catholics of a given community. If such a scholar, studying the record laid down in October, 1962, finds that school bus campaigns were considered more important than the Mississippi crisis, he will draw certain conclusions about the response of Catholics to the movements of history. The point is, of course, that our press not only reflects but helps to determine that response. ROBERT G. HOYT

"Women and Rhythm"

Detroit, Mich.

TO THE EDITORS: The introductory editorial on "Women and Rhythm" of March 8th is one of the best you have ever produced. It is more than about time that this area of concern to good Catholics be opened up and aired out. Doctors give little encouragement and less information, as a rule; and worthy curates hem and haw. As a mother of seven and much conscience I am concerned as each daughter approaches marriage; and I don't think it is quite enough to point out the beauty of sacrifice and big families in case they don't agree with me. Please write more of the same, as this is a big concern to many thinking people, and not just through selfishness alone. Thank you again. *(Mrs.)* E. BIRNBRYER

Northampton, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: Once again The Commonweal is proving to be a forerunner. Your editorial "Women and Rhythm" [Mar. 8], is a giant step, and I have been scanning your pages for quite some time looking for just such a pace. But are even baby steps being taken elsewhere?

Through this letter I would like to emphasize the point that detection is only an initial stage. Examples of areas that I feel need study in this relation by social scientists are: 1) the psychological and emotional effect of rhythm on women and the husband-wife relationship; 2) the effect on the entire family of having four or five children in as many years which appears to be a pattern in many Catholic families. Although these are fringe areas to the central problem discussed in your editorial, I feel they are vital nonetheless. Because this topic is being widely discussed in the popular magazines which seem only to appeal to the clergy for opinions, I feel it imperative that the voice of the laity be heard in this area. *(Mrs.)* VIRGINIA FINN

Edmond, Okla.

TO THE EDITORS: I offer other possible alternatives to your excellent editorial, "Women and Rhythm" [Mar. 8]. I do not believe, as you, that Catholics are not yet aware of the urgent need of developing a better rhythm system. They are certainly aware of this! Ask any twenty-eight-year-old Catholic mother who has been married since the age of twenty.

The reason for the failure of the Church to get behind a research program has been due to other sources, I believe. (1) Catholic laymen are still not sufficiently organized into their own proper lay apostolate groups,

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and thus are not articulate and effective enough to promote their best interests. (2) The power structures in the Church are occupied by the unmarried who will be slow to abandon the old morality, "the more the merrier," until the married laymen communicate effectively with them. (3) The Church in America is still "child centered" rather than "family centered." Simply look at the huge expenditures of money and personnel dedicated to youth, and the small effort by comparison given to adult formation and education. In any diocese look at the prestige of the Educational Office, Catholic Charities, and C.C.D., as compared to the Family Life Office. Look how well we educate these former people for their task, while letting the Family Life people get their training from popular magazines and books rather than from postgraduate work in psychology, sociology, and anthropology. In principle we support the basic importance of the family; but we seem to deny it in our actions. *(Rev.)* WILLIAM F. NERIN

Washington, D.C.

TO THE EDITORS: Your recent editorial on Women and Rhythm [Mar. 8] leaves me a bit uneasy. Your facts are accurate, and your points well taken, if carefully read. However, I am concerned that attitudes may be inferred from the contexts of the article which are less than Christian.

By all means let us have support for rhythm research. Scientific truth obtained by legitimate means can never be in opposition to revealed truth. But the use of scientific truth is another matter, as witness our concern over the uses of atomic science.

The use of the term "family planning" needs more precision. It is too easily suggestive of that worldly prudence which attempts to pre-determine every event in life. It is far removed from that Christian prudence which says: "God willing, I shall. . . ." A marriage entered into with careful calculation and determination that things shall go according to a carefully preconceived plan is, to me, too close to the contraceptive mentality of the secularist. "Birth regulation" (in the felicitous phrase of Pius XII) in view of definite contraindications affecting a specific couple, is quite different from admitting to the Planned Parenthood Federation that "our goals are the same, but we merely differ on the means to be used" (a frequent phrase in the discussion today).

Birth regulation by an effective use of rhythm is a matter of human *conduct*, involving the whole person—a voluntary and responsible self-control in view of a present or imminent pressure. Contraception is a matter of *technique* which removes responsibility for a human act. The "responsible parenthood" slogan applied to the contraceptive technique removes the responsibility for a generative act. It leads to the same kind of "responsibility" suggested by a well-known marriage "expert," that parents ascertain whether their teen-agers have their contraceptives with them when they go out on a date!

Responsibility, for the contraceptive mentality, suggests that a child has the right to exist only if he is loved in advance (a God complex which implies that I might also be right in willing him out of existence if I don't like him after birth!). Christianity insists that, for a responsible person, the child has the right to be loved simply because he exists. That a Christian couple reluctantly uses the rhythm under modern pressures, will not change this principle.

If there is more frequent need for an effective rhythm today, we must avoid implying the same mentality of cold calculation for each pregnancy. Otherwise, a Christian decision to conduct love-making on a rhythm basis, will soon cede to the more "logical" practice of contraception—more logical in that it concludes from the premise of technical planning.

The solution to the problem of family size for the Christian lies *both* in research for an effective rhythm, *and* in the formation of each husband and wife in applying the Christian principles for the discovering of God's will for them. They learn this from the Christian analysis of their own gifts and talents, the needs of the community, the concrete circumstances in which they find themselves, and the "happenstances" of life over which their prudence has no control. Now that American Catholics are more and more capable of making such Christian decisions, we can expect them to understand the Christian attitudes on which those decisions must be based .

Though you carefully qualify your statement on large families, parents of such families may rightfully resent the implication that they are "irresponsible" or are practicing "extreme heroism." Many older families have responsibly raised their children to be effective citizens and good Christians, and they have not felt the sacrifices to be heroic. Today, they are being joined by many younger couples. True, there are irresponsibly large families, and some extremely heroic ones, but we will not help the irresponsible by merely discovering a better rhythm, nor will we help the heroic by giving them a martyr complex. Though quantity of children does not *imply* quality, it does not *preclude* quality.

If the small Catholic families can rightfully resent the judgment (from the outside) that they are living in sin, then the large families can also rightfully complain when they are dubbed (from the outside) extremely heroic or irresponsible.

Is the "fact that women have minds and they are increasingly being trained to use them" a new reason for rhythm? An interesting theological discussion should ensue on this point. May a couple use the rhythm simply because the wife would like to write a novel, discover a virus, or design a rocket? I wonder what con-

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clusion should be drawn from the fact that women complain their education and training are wasted in the home? Should they have refused marriage as a vocation? Is something wrong with college curricula? Certainly, we should help women to contribute their very notable talents and training to the community after they have discharged their family obligations. But may they shorten this duty in order to do so?

I agree that college women often waste their talents in the home, but by not using them for their children. Teachers more and more complain that the children of well-educated people frequently have little taste for art, music, literature, and can hardly write a grammatical sentence. In our world, where education is in high demand, where are the children to learn the spirit of study, a love of reading, a curiosity for the world around them, if not from intelligent mothers? Indeed, with the emphasis on science and mathematics, I begin to wonder whether they can obtain a liberal education in the arts and philosophy, and a balanced set of personal values except from a wise mother. Dad seems too busy providing for their college attendance, managing his enterprises and getting to the moon, to do more than blow his stack at a bad report card!

It never ceases to amaze me that women are bored with the minds of children. The vast (and contradictory) literature on psychological and mental development indicates how little is known about it. The ease with which children outwit their parents, fill them with despair, and send them off for expert consultation, indicates that we need more, not less, intelligence in the home. As an ex-teacher of philosophy, I have found more metaphysical awareness in my first graders, more ethical reasoning in my eighth graders, than in their parents, or, at times, even in some seminarians.

By all means let us discover all there is to know about human reproduction, and make available an effective rhythm for the families which, before God, wisely choose to use it. But let us also provide the Christian context in which the decision can be made. An effective rhythm is not the answer by itself.

(Rev.) HENRY V. SATTLER, C.SS.R.,
Asst. Director, Family Life Bureau,
Natl. Catholic Welfare Conference

Reply

FATHER SATTLER's letter expresses very clearly many of the complexities and unresolved problems that face any Catholic who attempts to come to grips with the problem of "family planning" (for lack of a better expression). We are doubtful, however, that Catholic thought in this area can make any substantial progress if there is an excessive concern to seek out underlying "attitudes" which may be entertained by those who discuss the problem; we would all do well to limit our discussion to the printed word and, above all, resist the temptation of seeing the Planned Parenthood Federation way of thinking lurking in Catholic shadows. The great need today is that Catholics do their own thinking in their own Christian context—Father Sattler points this out very well.

Perhaps Father Sattler's emphasis and ours meet in the viewpoint expressed by Fathers John C. Ford, S. J. and Gerald Kelly, S. J. in a recent issue of *Theological Studies* (Dec. 1962): "Procreation . . . should be undertaken above all under the guidance of supernatural prudence. The field for the exercise of this prudence has been considerably enlarged now that there exists a legitimate and more or less effective method of family planning. When the only legitimate method was the generally impracticable one of complete continence for long periods of time, decisions often made themselves, demanding only reliance on divine providence. Today, when periodic continence is feasible, married couples have more complex decisions to make. More often must they combine reliance on divine providence with reliance on their own human providence in planning a family. In other words, procreative activity must be regulated by supernatural prudence."

In relation to this discussion we call our reader's attention to the statement of Bishop William M. Bekkers reprinted on p. 143 in this issue. THE EDITORS

The Hunchback

He goes where he wishes
And carries his luck with him,
He may creep as high as he likes,
Or as low as he likes,
His eyes may be as glittering
As candlesticks,

His mouth as red and delicious
As a maiden's.

He can learn songs—
The most beautiful in the world—
He can—if he likes—
Grow a beard,
And at weddings—dance—
And at funerals—weep.

It can be said of him
That his sun shines,
As for everyone.

Except that it is hard for him
To sleep on his back.

LEONARD WOLF

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THE SCREEN

Torn T-Shirt Mended

THOSE WHO have followed the film career of Marlon Brando, whether they like him or not, must admit he is a dedicated actor who takes his work seriously. His wide variety of well-played roles includes the disturbed paraplegic in "The Men," the uncouth Kowalski in "A Streetcar Named Desire," the uncouth rebel in "The Wild One," the conscientious rebel in "On the Waterfront," the Mexican leader in "Viva Zapata!", Marc Anthony in "Julius Caesar" and a guy in "Guys and Dolls." Then after a series of misses in movies like "Desiree," "Sayonara," and "The Fugitive Kind," in which he almost seemed to be doing take-offs on himself, he returned last year as a serious actor in the somewhat-foppish, though imaginative and thoughtful portrait of Mr. Christian in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

Brando himself has matured through the years and though he is still sometimes a rebel, he is still an intensely devoted actor. The latest proof of his devotion and versatility is his excellent portrait of the pipe-smoking, well-dressed, sincere U. S. Ambassador MacWhite in "The Ugly American."

It must be said right from the beginning that the movie version of "The Ugly American" is only inspired by the book by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick. Using some of the names and ideas from the book, scriptwriter Stewart Stern wrote a new story and screenplay. Both are very good, but not always easy to follow. Even more complicated is the political situation in Sarkhan, in Southeast Asia, where the Communists have already spread their propaganda and have successfully persuaded many of the rebellious Sarkhanese leaders that the Americans are imperialistic and that the Freedom Road being built by Americans is mainly in the interest of the present "capitalist" Prime Minister of Sarkhan.

Actually the Americans are trying to help the Sarkhanese economy, realizing that if the people weren't quite so poor and underfed, they would not be so easily duped by the Communist line. After a bitter scene in the U. S. Senate chamber, where H. C. MacWhite (Brando) is being investigated and questioned for the appointment, the film shows the new ambassador and his wife arriving at Sarkhan's airport and being greeted by a riotous and bloody demonstration staged by Communist sympathizers. MacWhite is shocked, calls a meeting of his staff at the embassy, berates his workers for their lack of awareness of what's going on, sets down some new and stricter rules and proceeds to call on his old friend Deong, the popular rebel leader. After amities and heated discussion, during which Deong seems to follow the Red line, MacWhite is convinced that his former friend is now a Communist. This is MacWhite's error—as subsequent, tragic events prove. MacWhite is not an ugly American; he is a mistaken one.

Producer-director George Englund has given his film a handsome production with a good cast throughout and some stunning color photography of Thailand, where much of the picture was made. Brando succeeds in making Ambassador MacWhite a serious, idealistic man intent on helping the Sarkhanese and determined to save them from Communist invasion from the north. Although MacWhite is often annoyed at the turn of events, Brando by no means makes him another angry, torn T-shirt rebel. He is an American of high ideals, angry at complacency and sloppy thinking; like other men, he is stubborn, humorous, compassionate—and sometimes wrong.

Supporting Brando in the good cast are: Eiji Okada, the fine Japanese actor whom you may have seen in "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," as Deong, the fiery, equally idealistic but mistaken rebel leader; Pat Hingle as the likable American engineer who is building Freedom Road and who with his wife (nicely played by Jocelyn Brando, Marlon's sister) is doing a fine job in the children's clinic they have organized here; and Sandra Church as Mrs. MacWhite, who is devoted to her husband and anxious for him to succeed at his difficult assignment. There are also a large number of Thai people in the well-staged mob scenes—scenes that are often moving and frightening, and capture well the confusion in the country.

At times "The Ugly American," in spite of its good staging, is much too talky for the cinema medium and even seems to mount a platform. But director Englund is successful in putting over his points that the United States must remember its own Revolution, that its people must know what they're for as well as what they're against—especially in the long periods of a cold war. The film ends on an ironic note, one that doesn't derive entirely from the heart-breaking events that precede it: we see Ambassador MacWhite on TV, pleading with Americans to care, pay attention, know, understand; and we see the viewer, with TV Guide in hand, turning off his set.

GOING BACK some fifteen years in history, we come to "Nine Hours to Rama," a fictional retelling of the nine hours before the assassination of Gandhi. Beautifully photographed in color in Delhi, Bombay, and Poona, and with the cooperation of the Indian Government, the picture is often attractive to watch and is even inspiring at times, with a first-rate performance by J. S. Casshyap as the Mahatma. His gentle portrait of the saintly man with his philosophy of non-violence is extremely impressive and moving.

I wish I could report that the whole film is equally

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worthy. Producer-director Mark Robson no doubt started out making what he hoped would be an absorbing account of these nine hours. But the film itself is much too long, too slow-paced and too often not very interesting as its melodramatic story rambles on and on.

The principal young fanatic (Horst Buchholz) belongs to a band of terrorists who believe Gandhi's nonviolence is a mistake and that India must be kept united for the Indians. But during the flashbacks that trace how this young zealot got this way, the plot gets so involved in side issues that the main themes are lost.

Valerie Gearon is lovely as the married woman with whom the fanatic falls in love, but their romance is rather silly. Diana Baker is also attractive as the prostitute in whose rooms the young fellow takes shelter; but she too is used as little more than a plot device. Outstanding in the cast is José Ferrer as the police superintendent with some knowledge of the assassination plans and with great determination to nip them. As a chase film, "Nine Hours" is often thrilling. But as history, or as a study in what makes assassins tick, it is just a tedious exercise. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

A Timid Mother Courage

NOW THAT Bertolt Brecht's "Mother Courage and Her Children" is more or less firmly ensconced between "Mary, Mary" and "Mr. President" perhaps we can stop talking about it as a "major theatrical event," a "stunning evening of adult drama," a "triumph of art over commerce" and other self-congratulating and conscience-appeasing phrases of this kind. Whatever truth there is in them, there is a melancholy under-truth: that one of the greatest plays of our time should first be presented on Broadway nearly twenty-five years after it was written; that something uncompromising and mature should be so rare in our theater; that art should win over the "culinary" (Brecht's word for commercial theater) once in a hundred times. Besides, the play is not done nearly well enough to justify any complacency, and, finally, almost nobody among the tub-thumpers seems to have more than a sophomore's idea of what it is about.

It seems that "Mother Courage," to discuss the play before the production, is being taken as a grim antiwar document or a testament to human endurance or an amalgam of the two. It is not that these interpretations are entirely wrong but that they are inadequate and reductive; they do no sort of justice to Brecht's complex vision and they tend to turn the piece into propaganda or sentimental affirmation of the kind our national magazines are so anxious to obtain from the arts. But Brecht's play is at least as much anti-*peace* as anti-war and at least as much despairing as affirmative. It is in the equilibrium between these ostensible opposites that its true life exists, just as the true life of its central character exists in the tensions and balances of her contradictory impulses toward love and exploitative commerce.

It is a root mistake, however, to think of the play as primarily a study of individualized character in the manner of psychological drama. Its title is, after all, "Mother Courage and *Her Children*," and Brecht, as Walter Sokel has said, never "begins with the individual but with the problem." That is what epic theater is about. The problem here is death, destruction, suffering, rapacity, the cloud that hides the little and powerless man—most men—from history, the very organization of society on such ferociously competitive lines as to make the difference between war and peace only a matter of degree. "I'm not in love with war," Mother Courage says, but she lives off it as a sutler because that is the only way she can live; the deeper implication is that since social life is a war one can only exist by participating in it on its terms, thereby suffering the corruption and human losses it mechanically imposes.

The play is set in the Thirty Years War, which Eric Bentley has reminded us, is "in German history . . . the *locus classicus* of death—the death, not of individuals, but of cities and populations." But as is true of all Brecht's work, "Mother Courage" is outside historic time or local setting, dealing as it does with a perennial human condition and approaching, in a way that has simply not been noticed, a truly tragic statement. The tragedy lies in the fatality with which the tough, avaricious, ingenious woman of the title is ground down and, more especially, in the inevitability with which goodness and virtue are rendered useless and brought low at the same time as they continue anguishedly to assert their claims and to thrust up their contours to our sight.

In the loss of the three children—whom Mother Courage's sleazy, haggling, cold-eyed selling supplies to the army from her wagon is precisely designed to protect and preserve—we are shown the immense irony of the way in which "making a living" destroys life, how the process of preservation brings about the ruin of that human substance which is being preserved. Eilif, the valiant son, dies because he does in a brief interval of peace what he had been honored for doing in battle; Swisscheese, the simple and honest son, because his virtues are inimical to a world of appetite and plunder; and Kattrin, the dumb *kindernarr*, the doter on children and possessor of a breast anxious to receive love and bestow comfort on suffering, because there is no time, room or air for their nourishment. She can only indicate that she possesses love by sacrificing herself and thereby losing the actuality of love; as one of the prefatory

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legends says, even the stones must speak, but they then go back to being stones in the silence of death.

In all this we are intended to see, beyond Brecht's Marxist analysis and comment on society (Brecht's Marxism, we are finally coming to understand, is continually being transcended by his dramatic sense, his *prédilection d'artist*) a comment on, or rather a great passionate but at the same time rigorously cool and controlled vision of, the eternal contradiction between man's impulses and aspirations and his fate. Whether or not one accepts Brecht's truth as decisive and complete, the play is marvelously effective and deserves to have its effectiveness seen in the right light.

As Brecht himself wrote, his "merchant-mother" is a "great living contradiction who is disfigured and deformed beyond recognition." In her, "antitheses in all their abruptness and incompatibility are united." She is not an image of "the indestructibility of a vital person afflicted by the inequities of war," but quite the opposite: one of the destructibility of humanity no matter how tenacious, muscular and energetic. As she wearily hitches herself to her cart once more in the play's final scene, she may impress us with a sort of indomitability but she also leaves us—or should leave us—shaken by her monstrous dehumanization and intolerable losses.

How well does the current production incarnate and exemplify these meanings and qualities of the play? The first thing to say is that it is an honorable effort. Jerome Robbins is a director of much smaller stature than the play requires, but he has at least not tried to hoke it up, he has stayed faithful to its form and broader values. Eric Bentley's adaptation is an exceedingly good one, preserving the special fusion of the colloquial and the abstract that Brecht's German is built up from; the sets by Ming Cho Lee are simple and effective, consisting mainly in an earth-colored curving backdrop and some portable properties; and the Paul Dessau music in its toughness and jagged but not jazzy rhythms is consistent with the Brechtian intention.

Nevertheless, if the production isn't an offensive one, it is curiously pallid and inert, as if all the people concerned in it were so overwhelmed by the occasion that they backed gingerly up to it, remembering some shreds of Epic Theater Theory and keeping one uneasy eye on the Broadway audience, which is only too likely to be scared out of its wits by something so honest and biting as "Mother Courage." Beyond this, there is a basic lack of subtlety, of dimension; the play proceeds on the surface, so that most of what I was describing before has to be guessed at, and a failure of modulation and pacing, the effect of which is to run everything together in exactly the way that Brecht, with his alternation of active scenes with reflective ones, of songs with speech and straightforward expression with biting irony, tried so strenuously to avoid.

Finally, there is the matter of the cast. With one or two exceptions—Eugene Roche, Louis Guss and John Harkins in minor roles; Zohra Lampert in a major one—it is just not up to the demands of the text. Miss Lampert is especially good as Kattrin (it is interesting that Robbins should have given her so much useful and impressive physical material to display; the characters who *can* talk tend to stand around twiddling their thumbs), and the scene when she dies beating a drum in order to save a town from an approaching army is a highlight, if a virtually indestructible piece of theater.

But it is Anne Bancroft as Mother Courage who exists as the production's weakest element. Miss Bancroft is an actress of considerable force and vitality, but apart from being far too young for the role, she almost entirely lacks the range, subtlety and intelligence the part requires. Her Bronx speech is annoying, but even more irksome is her Bronx *manner*; when we hear her say, with head cocked to the side and crisp, subway-learned gestures, "Swisscheese, I've brought you up honest because you're not very bright, but don't overdo it," the image irresistibly rises of a mother urging her teen-age son, in their apartment on the Grand Concourse, to feel free to cheat a little on his exams. Miss Bancroft is, of course, a name. What "Mother Courage" needs is a person, an actress of depth and that particular sort of courage that consists in being intelligent and taking chances. I don't blame her for her deficiencies, nor Robbins for his. I just wish that when we speak of notable events in the theater we would hold up higher standards of execution.

But "Mother Courage" on display, however inadequately, is better than in mothballs or avant-garde collections. I recommend seeing it, then reading it to fill out the picture. (*At the Martin Beck.*)

RICHARD GILMAN

AN APPEAL: Sister Françoise and the Daughters of Charity seek to build a hospital for the many badly undernourished babies of Saigon, South Vietnam. Staffed by the Sisters' own nurses, eventually it could provide for the night-and-day care and feeding of a hundred children at one time. (Rehabilitation takes from four to eight months, and once the hospital is built the Sisters have the support of fifty children guaranteed.) The wife of the United States Ambassador to Vietnam and other American women of various religious persuasions have succeeded in bringing the Sisters to within a few thousand of their $31,000 goal. Readers who would like to help should make their checks payable to American Women's Association of Saigon—with "Caritas Center" written in the lower left corner—and mail to Mrs. Frederick E. Nolting, American Embassy, APO 143, San Francisco, California. (Airmail 8¢).

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OF NOTE

Catholic Parenthood

FROM ALL reports, the subject of birth control and family planning will not be discussed by the Second Vatican Council. To many this omission will be a disappointment; it is a subject of great interest for a vast number of Catholics. However, there are some indications of an increasing concern about the problem on the part of many bishops and theologians. In a recent television program at Hilversum, the Netherlands, Bishop William M. Bekkers of 's-Hertogenbosch addressed himself directly to the question, stating the Church's concern in a manner that differs at some crucial points from the way it is commonly presented in this country. The following substantial excerpt from the Bishop's address was taken from a translation published in a number of diocesan papers and prepared originally by the N.C.W.C. News Service:

Much is said and written today on birth-control or birth regulation. Science and its discoveries have enabled man to control human reproduction. The birth rate now falls within man's responsibility. One can even say that birth regulation—which is quite different from birth-limitation—is a normal part of the total task of a married couple. Regulation means to consider the number of children in relation to married life in all its aspects. The big or the small family as such has no meaning.

Let me try to explain this. Those who enter Christian marriage receive from God and with His blessing a task for life—to live together in conjugal love and to build together a good family. Matrimonial love should exist in every room of a home, and it should be expressed in man's total corporality. From the meeting of the eyes, the caressing gesture and the kiss to the joining of the bodies it should always be a meeting of humans, a human act that is more than a passionate biological event, a human act that is the expression of a sincere, loving, personal relationship. This is the human element in this meeting. This sincere, spontaneously expressed love goes hand in hand with mutual responsibility, with responsibility for reproduction and for the existing family.

On the other hand, a family is only on the way to its ideal when it is carried by this love and responsibility and when the number of children, big or small, is the expression of this love and responsibility. A Catholic knows that marriage is recognized, confirmed and blessed by the Church. Christ raised marriage to a sacrament. And the ideal image of unity between Christ and His Church, as it is described by St. Paul, is the highest standard for married people. The relationship between God and man is considered by the Catholic as the prime source of all fertility in all of creation.

Only in this view of married life in its totality can the problem of the number of children, the size of the family, be considered. This problem can never be solved apart from married life in its totality. In marriage human and divine creative love are interwoven. And faithfully considering the unity of these two people with God, the Church says that children are a blessing, a gift of God.

But human experience of married life, and consequently love and responsibility for each other, for fertility and for the existing family, enable married persons, and only them, to decide what the calling of God and the task God gave them means for them concretely —what the size of the family should be and how the birth of children must be spaced. Their human love and responsibility can urge them to build a big or a small family, can urge them to family expansion or to family limitation. This is a matter of conscience, which is nobody else's business.

The clergyman, the physician, or whoever might be asked for advice, must respect, as much as possible, that personal conscience. In this connection we must also realize that childless married couples often see the lack of children as a major hardship, one that is often greater than the hardships connected with a big family He who sincerely tries to live in keeping with this view, despite the imperfections which inhere in all human life and in all human acts, understands and fulfils his life-calling.

It is with this view of marriage that the Christian should approach the difficult problem of birth control. All birth control is to some extent unsatisfactory because it brings the danger that the right view of marriage will be lost and that mutual love and the mutual fidelity will be harmed. Whatever progress science makes in the future, we ought to realize that this is most important: a deepening of the experience of human life, of personal life, that enables man to organize birth control in such a way that it agrees with the view of marriage which we just discussed.

Even the rhythm method (periodical abstinence)—which in our Catholic view agrees more than any other method with the Christian view of marriage—even this method is not without objection. If it is true that life-experience and opinions can grow until our death, then we must admit that there can be a period of transition for many persons. If one is not yet mature enough for authentic experience, moral teaching must take this into consideration.

We know that the rhythm method is a solution for many people, but we also know that for others it causes insuperable difficulties. We understand that there are situations when one thinks one cannot consider all

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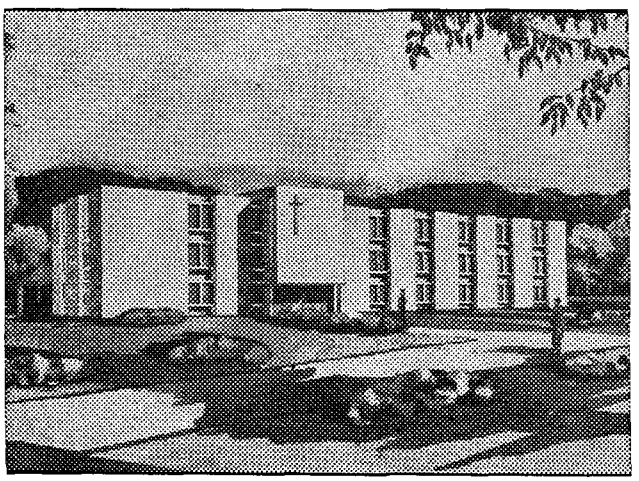

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Christian and human values at the same time. The Church must not see this in a prejudiced view as egoism and laziness, though in fact this will sometimes be the case. The Church knows that the married couples, in well-intentioned care for the family and for each other, sometimes take steps that the Church cannot consider the right steps. But the Church also knows that what one person can reach cannot always be reached by others.

And then the Church wants to give room for a gradual, perhaps slow and imperfect growing, such as is possible in all other areas of life; for instance, in charity, honesty and piety. The Church holds that those who keep on trying although they have not yet reached the highest level are on the right path. The Church has confidence in the sincere love and responsibility of the married couple which trusts in the love and strength of the Lord. Personal responsibility, a requirement that plays an ever more important part in life, has to grow.

I should like to stress that in this life, there are many others who share our problems. In marriage matters, meeting and discussing with other people can open unexpected perspectives for guidance. . . .

In this growing towards the acceptance of personal responsibility, preparation for marriage plays a big part. I have advised engaged couples to have friendship and frequent conversation with informed, young married couples. And I have told young families to contact other married couples who have their troubles but also mutual love, or to contact older married couples who can look back with matured experience at their own early period. Whenever I advised that kind of contact to betrothed couples or young married couples, I always received thanks later on.

All of us have the difficult task of making something fine, something good of our lives. And we realize that continual imperfection inheres in our lives. Not only imperfection in our will, but also in our power. And perhaps we ought to say especially in our power, our capacities. Only when we realize and accept this fact do real love and charity become possible in this existence on earth. For it is typical of this love and charity on this earth, where smiles and tears meet, to be able to urge an appeal to the good will and forgiveness of the other and particularly of the Other.

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Orchids for Miss Hightower

THE GREAT critic Sainte-Beuve held, I believe, a low opinion of Flaubert, Balzac and Stendhal, his three most gifted contemporaries. A ridiculous mistake for anyone to make about three such famous men: and yet I sometimes wonder whether masterpieces really are so easy to spot—supposing one hadn't been told they *were* masterpieces, supposing they simply arrived on the desk with inaccurate blurbs and unfortunate jackets, like all the other novels.

The following weekly roundup, written in the style of one of our more spinsterish reviewers, illustrates perhaps the worst that could happen.

The Brothers Karamazov by Fyodor Dostoyevsky proves that the "unedited generation" is not confined to this country. This sprawling, shapeless affair runs to some nine hundred and forty pages, of which perhaps two hundred are actually connected with the plot: the rest vapor off into amateur philosophy, mysticism and anything else that happens to come into the author's head. (It looks, from his religious preoccupations, as though Mr. Dostoyevsky rather wants to be another Graham Greene—but he hasn't bothered to learn any of Greene's craftmanship. So sloppy is he that he begins the story in the first person and then abandons the device without explanation.)

Mr. Dostoyevsky also over-writes atrociously. His characters are constantly breaking into sweats, turning green and embracing each other quite regardless of sex. This may be meant as a commentary on post-Crimean War youth; or it may simply come from a callow desire to shock. In any case, American readers will find it incredible and not a little unpleasant.

Whether these rather tawdry, hysterical characters are worth writing a nine-hundred-page book about, is the kind of question publishers should be asking themselves seriously these days. More and more of these plotless monsters have been appearing lately, many of them from the direction of Russia, while supposedly responsible editors are content to look the other way. This one has a plot of sorts, but it seems to have been tucked in at the last minute; what there is of it is melodramatic, improbable and drowned in verbiage. The author does seem to have a certain crude power which might be put to some use by a really good editor, like Max Perkins; but we are shocked to hear that he is already sixty-seven years old.

Going from bad to worse, we come to a native American author every bit as undisciplined as Mr. Dostoyevsky and a good deal more pretentious. *Moby Dick* by one Herman Melville seems to have just about every fault a novel can contain. It is written in dense, pseudo-biblical English (the author seems to be bucking for the title of the "new James Gould Cozzens"); nothing happens for hundreds of pages; the characters are quite unreal, especially the one called Captain Ahab, who is a stage-villain of the rankest kind; and finally the use of symbols is embarrassingly broad and overdone.

I can't pretend to know how the story finally comes out, it gets bogged down halfway in impenetrable whale-lore, at which point this reader simply tip-toed away. One begins to fear that these young authors honestly believe that everything that interests *them* will also interest *us*; that they hardly know the word discipline; that, in short, they are bores.

The Red and the Black by Stendhal is at least decently written. But it contains most of the flaws of a typical first novel. We are getting a little tired by now of these sensitive young men who take themselves with such deadly seriousness. Will Julien Sorel seduce the girl —well honestly, who cares, we want to shout after a few hundred pages.

Alas, there are no real heroes in our literature anymore. Mr. Melville's hero is a whale, Mr. Stendhal's is a rather foppish, humorless young man obviously written with the Hollywood actor Tony Perkins in mind, who thinks that the world circles around his own petty problems, and who displays none of the broad humanity of, say, Tom Jones, who at least had the courage to laugh at sex.

Young people today have taken most of the fun and zest out of sex. Julien Sorel makes solemn and self-conscious weather of it indeed: perhaps he is a commentary on post-Napoleonic youth; but more likely since *all* first novels are autobiographical, he is simply a projection of the author's own gropings. In either case, eight hundred pages is rather too much of him. The author seems to feel so too, and finishes him off in a most perfunctory manner. The non-hero Sorel suddenly takes on romantic stature and dies a noble death—role-playing, of course; but would such a young man be willing to die for his role? I beg leave to doubt it. This climax is so far out of key as to be unintentionally humorous. Young Mr. Stendhal should spend at least ten years learning his craft, and then try again.

The young writers of today are obviously not willing

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to take the trouble that yields up masterpieces. They give us half-finished books, rough blueprints of books, which too often achieve a flashing, short-lived success. Mr. Charles Dickens, whose first book *Pickwick Papers* threatened (though grossly padded) to rank him with Evelyn Waugh, has decided instead to compete with James T. Farrell. His *Oliver Twist* is the kind of slice-of-life realism that makes us expostulate: photography is *not* art. Also, it is just as inartistic to make all your characters unpleasant. Life isn't like that, Mr. Dickens.

Oliver Twist is a seering commentary on post-Catholic Emancipation youth, with rather unpleasant anti-Semitic overtones and a set of sentimental alternatives. The book is at times little more than a spluttering tract. Yes, Mr. Dickens, we know that orphans are sometimes treated badly and that a bad environment can lead to a life of crime; but we are a little tired of having our noses rubbed in the obvious; and we are more than a little tired of watching authors, who feel that their own childhoods were unhappy, parading their self-pity in thinly disguised fictional form. Get back to comedy, Mr. Dickens, and stop trying to write "great English novels."

Miss Jane Austen has taken to inflating her small, quite pleasant talent in much the same way. She was writing quite a bit like Nancy Mitford for a while there, but with her new book, *Emma,* she has plunged into Kraft-Ebbing's territory, where she decidedly doesn't belong. Here we have a classic Lesbian situation, dimly understood by our lightweight author. The heroine is a pathetic character who needs professional treatment; hardly a fit subject for lending-library irony. Miss Austen is primarily a woman's magazine writer: it is disheartening, then, to find her going in for amateur psychiatry, and bringing to it a certain tasteless humor.

All in all, it has been a discouraging week. However, there has been one bright spot. *Seeds of Glory* by Wanda Hightower is a beautifully written book, about a young soldier who marches with Napoleon's armies and has many intriguing adventures before becoming a priest. The author's sensitiveness to atmosphere, her ability to describe a battlefield so that "you are there" make her book a memorable experience. The whole thing is blessedly short (125 pp.), underivative and craftsmanlike.

I venture to guess that *Seeds of Glory* will live when the other books reviewed this week have been forgotten.

WILFRID SHEED

(Wilfrid Sheed, the author of "A Middle Class Education," contributes a monthly column to these pages.)

BOOKS

The Ancient Follies Are Still in the Ascendancy

Speculations About Jakob. By Uwe Johnson. Grove Press. $4.50.
The Tin Drum. By Gunter Grass. Pantheon. $6.95.

by Horace Gregory

PORTENTS of a change in imaginative writing are in the air. On this side of the Atlantic it is perhaps too soon to expect young writers to redefine the shifting tempers of a war-haunted mid-twentieth century. One must look beyond our shores, and to us who read European fiction in translation, the recent signs are from the North-North-East. Is it very surprising that a new change in temper, stemming from new emotional tensions, should be represented by two vastly different German writers, Gunter Grass and Uwe Johnson? I think not—for by time, place and circumstances, heritage and craftsmanship, both have come well prepared.

Nor is it surprising that in their heritage of cold-war-inhabited Europe both Grass and Johnson (with widely separate skills and motivations) owe debts to the novels and plays of Samuel Beckett. Of all European writers who have made their presence felt since 1945, Beckett has probably exerted the deepest influence upon the imaginative writings of younger Europeans.

Whether or not such debts are conscious or not is beside the point. Beckett was the first and most impressive of living novelists—and this without the premise of Marxian jargon and preference—to create a language for and give meaning to a post-Freudian, post-Proustian world. One might almost say that Beckett created the weather in which the action of *Speculations about Jakob* takes place.

Though Johnson's novel has obvious resemblances to the neo-realism of Robbe-Grillet's *The Voyeur* as well as to the political ambiguities of Bertolt Brecht's plays, the presence of Beckett's grey illuminations, his sparsely growing landscapes, his ill-furnished and soon-to-be-abandoned living-spaces—one cannot call them "rooms"—seems to exist as a backdrop for Johnson's scenes of action, which cross and recross the border that divides East from West Germany.

One should assume that Johnson's intentions are serious enough: in translation *Speculations about Jakob* has the effect of compressed reportage—whether or not that effect was desired, I cannot say. An elliptical two-tone flatness falls on the ear and I believe this is keyed to the limited range of feeling and observation in the book itself.

Jakob, the central figure, is an East German train dispatcher—clearly the proletarian worker-hero of such early Soviet novels as *Cement*, but with the difference that the Russian character's fate was a cheerful one—while Jakob ends disastrously.

The immediate cause of Jakob's death (which was probably suicide) is left unknown; yet from his death, true to the title of the book, a number of speculations arise: did three defections to the West—Jakob's

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mother's as well as his girl's (who became a NATO secretary) and a friend's, an assistant professor in an East German University—cause his disaster? Did a Communist agent, eager to make Jakob his victim, push him too far? Did the fact that as a train dispatcher (the time is 1956) Jakob was instrumental in allowing a Soviet troop train to enter Hungary fill him with a fatal sense of guilt?

All the characters in the book feel a strong compulsive pull Eastward, an instinctive urge to return, even though it leads to forced labor, imprisonment or death. Jakob and the friends who speculate about him are emotionally "split" and intellectually confused. What happens to them has dramatic interest and fatal complexities, even though they themselves lack wit and intelligence.

One should not underrate their author. He has written a tightly woven, elliptical, and well-articulated narrative. It is to be hoped that his having won a large international prize for this first novel will not prove his first step toward oblivion. At twenty-nine Johnson's promise is high.

In turning to Gunter Grass' *The Tin Drum*, one is refreshed by a glittering display of youthful virtuosity—and this is enhanced by Ralph Manheim's brilliant recreation of the book in English. Its merits are at opposite poles from those of Johnson's novel and so are its flaws.

The Tin Drum sprawls: parts of the book are greater than the whole—it has the surface qualities of a picaresque novel. Yet the book has a powerful inner coherence and a firm geographical center—the Baltic city of Danzig—as well as a dramatic time sequence, its main events running from the birth of its protagonist, Oskar, in 1925 to the 1950's—a Thirty Years' personal War with the world.

The tone of Oskar's voice throughout the nearly six hundred pages of his confession is of high ironic farce (which makes me think of the extended monologues of Beckett's *Molloy and Malone Dies*). The casual reader might feel that this tone is Rabelaisian in its terror and hilarity but, along with Beckett's influence, Oskar really is shaped by von Grimmelshausen's *Der Simplicissimus* (1669) the German classic that came after the devastations of the Thirty Years' War.

Grass' use of mid-twentieth century innovations in writing has the authority of traditional associations: In this respect *The Tin Drum* is also in the line of Joyce's *Ulysses*. Although the surfaces of its farcical situations may seem merely fantastic or absurd, the sound of their laughter and the laughter they invoke has a deepening resonance.

What of Simplicissimus-Oskar himself? He is a three-year-old who throws himself down cellar stairs in order to retard his growth—and this, together with a determination not to talk but to stir his memory and to convey some of his feelings and opinions by beating his tin drum—are means by which he faces the adult world. His single weapon is an overwhelmingly destructive, glass-shattering scream.

Neither the reader nor the critic is obliged to grow solemn over the symbolic nature of Oskar's preferences and conduct—certainly Grass does not. Oskar's view is an upward child's-eye stare at the follies and humors of low-middle-class Danzig life—a life invaded by the terrors of Hitler's storm-troopers, World War II, and the "liberation" brought by the Soviet Union.

There is a drop of Polish blood in Oskar's veins, which may account for some of the violence of his glass-shattering passions. Meanwhile, Oskar's memories of his thirty-year childhood show the narrowing pass between farce and tragedy—the strange door to which was opened by Beckett in his *Waiting for Godot*.

There is a growing possibility (brilliantly indicated by Beckett and Grass) that the contemporary approach to scenes of humane compassion and tragic emotion is best begun by setting the stage for the action of a farce. In *The Tin Drum* there is the same narrowing space between orthodox Christian faith and blasphemy, whose images enter the latter sections of the book.

Between the dates of Oskar's fall to a stone cellar floor and his belated decision to grow up he is witness to at least a half dozen memorable episodes, and among them are the story

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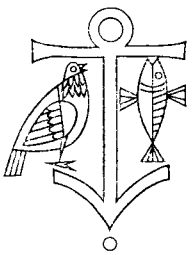

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of a horse's head devoured by eels, of a Niobe carved out of wood in a Danzig museum, of the storming of Danzig's Polish post office by the Nazis—which, so far as I know, is the most convincing of all attempts to translate a scene from World War II into modern fiction.

Gunter Grass' Oskar has far deeper perceptions and ultimately a more decisive stand toward the issues of love, life and death than Uwe Johnson's comparatively static Jakob. Perhaps this comparison seems unfair to Johnson. In *The Tin Drum* Grass' art conceals its seriousness, a mastery that Johnson has yet to learn. *Speculations about Jakob* suffers by its proximity to political values—*The Tin Drum* goes far beyond them to a stage where its characters take their places in a twentieth century version of a farce-inspired mystery play. At the close of Grass' book, the ancient follies are still in the ascendancy—even to the apparition of the great black witch of medieval lore.

Fresh Air

The Night Battle. By J. M. Cameron. Helicon. $4.95.

by John P. Sisk

MY introduction to the work of J. M. Cameron, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Leeds and prominent English convert, was through his contribution to the important Anglo-French symposium *Problems of Authority* that appeared in this country last year. That symposium had the effect of letting fresh air into a room in which poor ventilation had become so habitual as to be unnoticed.

Now Mr. Cameron continues that ventilation with these twelve essays that range in subject matter from the poetry of Pope to the semantics of Russian Communism. The result is a book thoroughly distinguished for its clarity of statement and breadth of view and for the passionate intelligence of its engagement with the crucial issues of our time.

The first hundred pages of *The Night Battle* are political, the immediate subjects being the political mythology of Catholics, the political views of T. S. Eliot, the Communist use of language, the British New Left and the justification of political attitudes. In this group the first and third essays are likely to be most useful to American readers.

What concerns Mr. Cameron in the first is the extent to which Catholics are inclined to a "political fetishism" which is little more than a "tacit understanding that traditional moral principles are not to be applied . . . where the security of the state is held to be in question." As a result of this fetishism too many Catholics have interpreted the Spanish Civil War in distorting melodramatic terms, have missed the "immense seriousness of the world of the labor movement," and are now trying to buy peace of mind by reducing the conflict between Russia and the West to the dangerous simplicity of a contest between atheism and Christianity.

The essay "Problems of Communist Language" deserves to be set alongside Orwell's well-known "Politics and the English Language." Mr. Cameron, I believe, has the advantage: his mind is subtler and there is an extra dimension in his view. He distinguishes between two classes of Communist statements: revolutionary (which represent the Russians as leaders of the world proletariat) and conciliatory (which represent them as willing to accommodate).

The first we tend to accept as what the Russians really believe, the second as humbug. "The truth," says Mr. Cameron, "is usually more complicated." The conciliatory statements are meant, but in their language, not ours. He then shows that dramatic changes in Communist language have resulted from the fact that Bolshevik theory has broken against the hard facts of history. In the meantime, the Soviet Union remains partly imprisoned within the rhetoric of its heroic age, so that its foreign relations are bedeviled by it.

Indeed, nothing is more central to this book than Mr. Cameron's concern with language. It is central in his treatment of British linguistic philosophy, in his reassessment of Hobbes, in his sympathetic reappraisal of Pope, in his study of one

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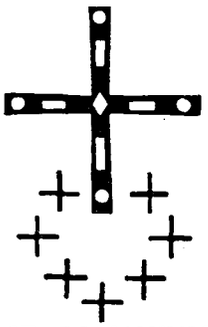

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of Berkeley's dialogues, and in his treatment of the influence of Hume upon Newman. In the latter essay, characteristically refusing to be content with traditional simplifications, Mr. Cameron shows the mistake of equating British empiricism with hardheadedness and agnosticism.

But nowhere is Mr. Cameron's concern with language clearer than in his essay "Poetry and Dialectic," in which he substantiates his thesis that it is always a heresy to believe that poetic discourse can be paraphrased. I know of no more persuasive argument for the position that poetry, because of the uniqueness of its communicated experience, is an instrument of knowledge with a "capacity to increase the understanding of our common nature."

The range of these essays is as impressive as the erudition that gives them authority without encumbering them. If Mr. Cameron often challenges our pieties and compromises (as he does in the case of nuclear weapons, or in our relations with authority) it is where we are too infrequently challenged. He speaks with style and in an unmistakably Catholic voice. One can say of him what he says of Berkeley: he realizes "at a level of intellect, reflectively and at the same time with passion, what it is to be human."

C. Wright Mills

Power, Politics and People. By C. Wright Mills. Edited and with an Introduction by Irving L. Horowitz. Oxford. $8.50.

by Robert M. Barry

BRILLIANT enough so that he could not be ignored, critical to a degree that made him hard to live with—at least professionally, for he was all intent upon the truth and would have no cant—C. Wright Mills is perhaps, in the way he was dealt with by his colleagues, a concrete example of the duplexity of contemporary sociology. He has been called a "gadfly."

Mills died on March 20, 1962 at the age of forty-five. This volume of collected essays points not only to the concreteness but also the range

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and depth of his concern with the social world. The editor has selected from articles and essays that have appeared over the years in diverse publications, wisely refraining from using Mills' larger works, which are generally available. Divided into four topical sections—Power, Politics, People and Knowledge—these selections are fine examples of the areas of Mills' interests; they reveal his clarity of thought and his precision of expression, two highly desirable virtues for a sociologist.

Throughout the essays there are ideas that reveal the man and his contribution to sociology. One can discern the influence of Dewey at his best as well as of such figures as George H. Mead, Veblen, and Marx. Nor can one ignore the shadowy figure of Max Weber. Most important, however, there is a nucleus of Mills' ideas which could, and perhaps will, eventually transform sociology from its methodological idealism into a concrete concern with the real world of man.

Mills recognizes that the role of sociology ought to be to assist man in his concrete decisions. He might be considered as an existential sociologist, one who turns toward ordinary human experience with all its involvements. In so doing he turns away from that abstracted view of experience that prefers a scientifically constructed model as its foundation. Rejecting such a model he recognizes the obligation of sociologists to turn to the social world as lived, felt, and experienced.

Such a recognition of the social world as that which is involved with and underlies man's experiences in no way forces Mills to retreat from his belief that man has a great deal to say about the very society that makes being human possible. He recognizes man's ability, if not completely to make his society, at least to play a very large role in the future conditions under which man can become more human.

The editor of this volume, Irving L. Horowitz, refers to Mills' work as a "man-sized" sociology. And so it is. But those who assume a position different from Mills' would hardly dispute the existence of man at the foundation of society. The dimen-

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sions of man are the basis of any dispute here.

While few would question the existence of social experience, there is at least something of a gentlemen's agreement among academic sociologists to ignore the relevancy of ordinary experience. The academic sociologists usually found in most college departments simply presuppose a quiet, historical determinism. They appear to confuse the sociological adoption of the organic structure in biology, which permitted the early sociologists to develop a theoretical perspective on society, with man's concrete life, which is social.

The results of this gentlemen's agreement can be seen among Catholic sociologists who, in their examination of the parish, believe that it is the pastor's parish and thus assume a managerial perspective of life there. It apparently has never occurred to these sociologists that there is a parish life that can not be reached merely by counting tongues or knees.

Among sociologists in general the "view from above or outside" precludes the possibility of anything new. Whatever happens sociologically can be defined in terms of past structures, and thus is not *really* new, no matter what your experience. (Psychologists have at least recognized that the admission of some genuine emergence is necessary to account for the disappearance of thumbsucking.)

Mills opts for the truly human, which in turn involves a recognition of the historical dimension as part of the human. In the public-private dialogue of history man is seen as confronting his own destiny. Not only must man recognize his own powers, but sociologists themselves must be clear about the truly infinite dimensions of man as well as aware of their own humanness.

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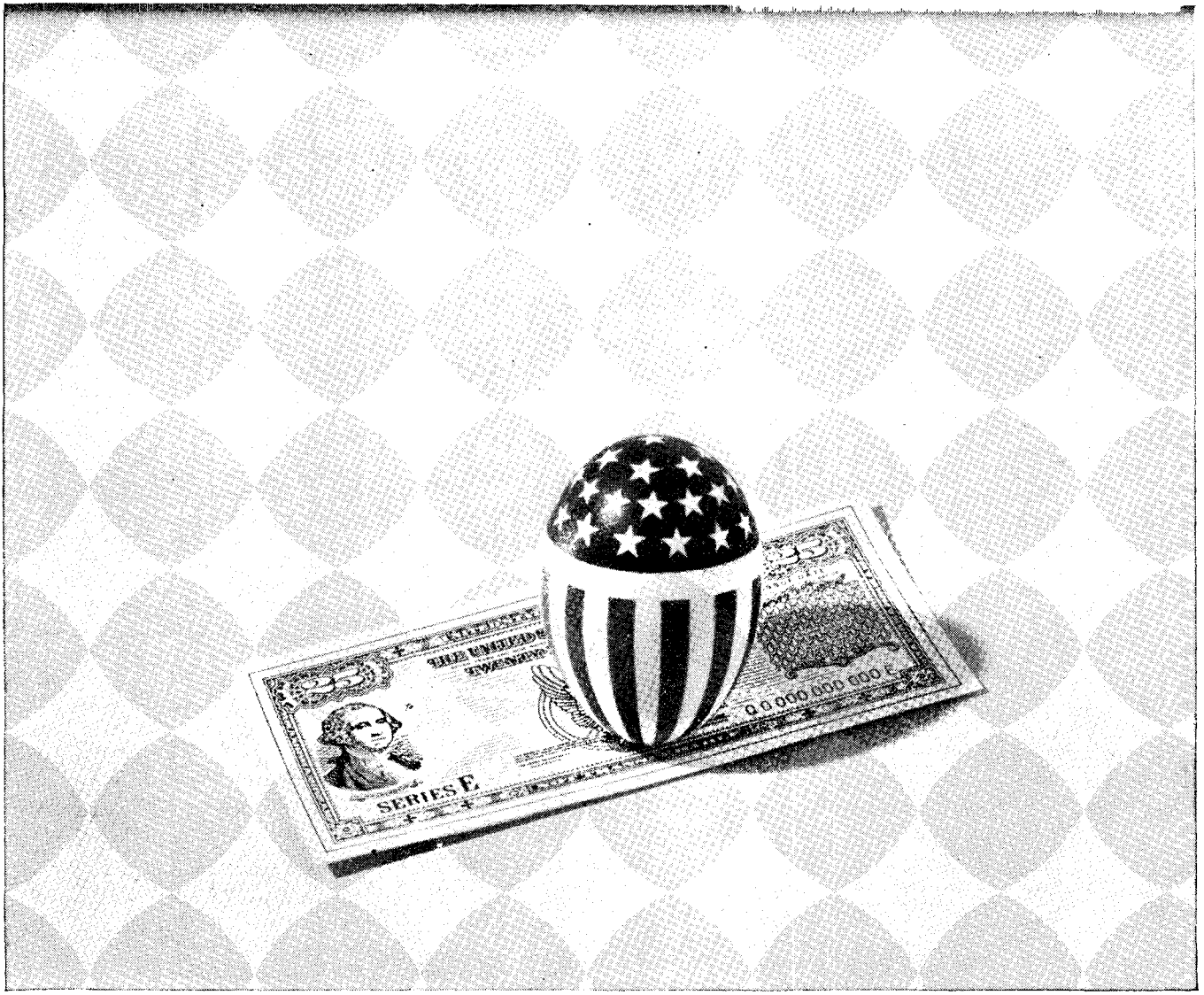

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